



Oh that I had the wings of a dove and
that way I would fly.

For Holly Owen

Il miglior collector

Alas! Alas! Thine great city

Though mighty city, Andover,

In one period, has thy judgement come

Asphalt domes and silver spires

Plagued against cerulean sky

Distant Bells half-heard,

Seem casued in liquid quartz,

Pendant ropes of rain

Come to lash the waking leaves

As when Jacacci

Dipped his brush in the gloom

Of Earthquake

and

Eclipse

Satan, Emporer Lucifer, and Beelzy

Dine at Six

Stearns Hall

As Letta demands

What, shall our fast be kept with slaughtered
men? Shall tramping trumpets and loud
churlish drums; Clamours of hell,
be measures to our pomp?

For I hear the bugle blow
Sending the battle cry afar
Its war song singing

x x x x

Alas! Alas! for the great city
That was clothed in Ruttens linen
In black and white

Bedecked with grass, intelligence, and decadence
In one period all this wealth has been laid waste

Faculty went the same way

In the other direction

And followed

Signs
Directing themselves

them to

They lived in Rooms whose windows
Looked out on their ceilings

Coaxing

Goading

Comforting

POUNDRING

at transparent
Lenses

Anno 1778.

PHILLIPS · ACADEMY



OLIVER · WENDELL · HOLMES
LIBRARY

Per ampliora ad altiora.







The Pot Pourri 1971

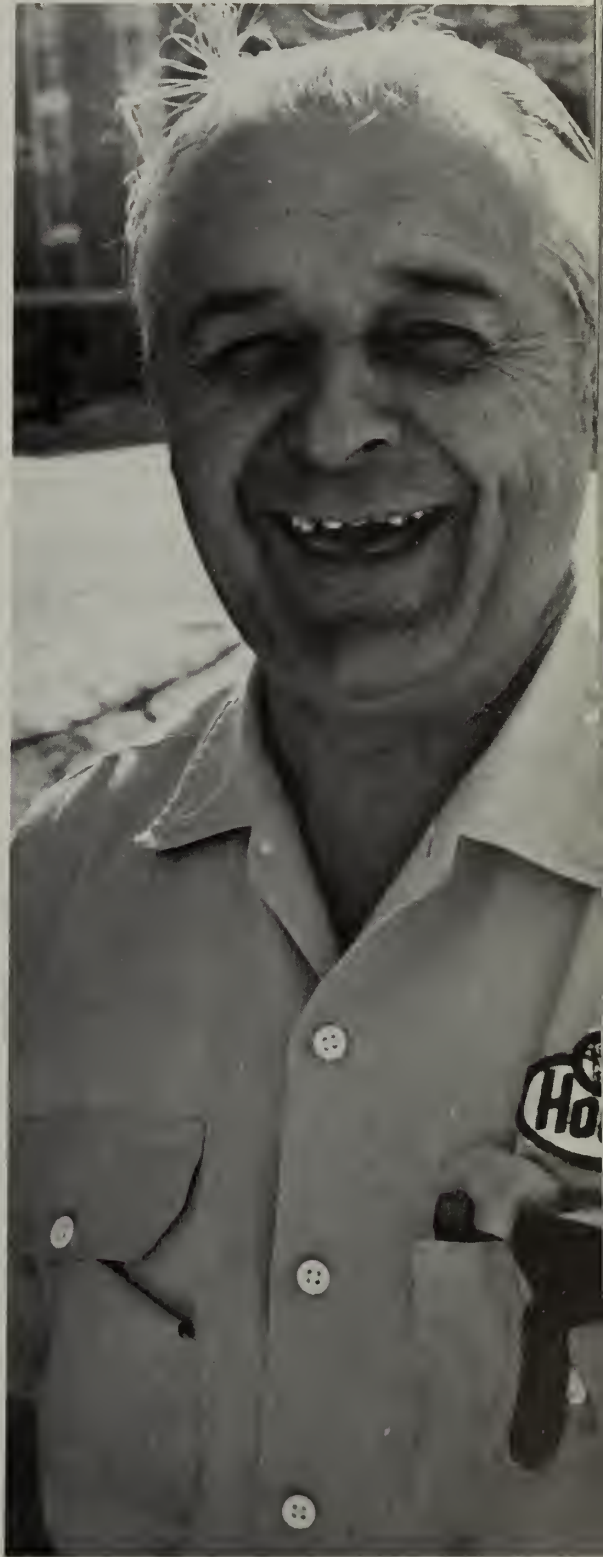
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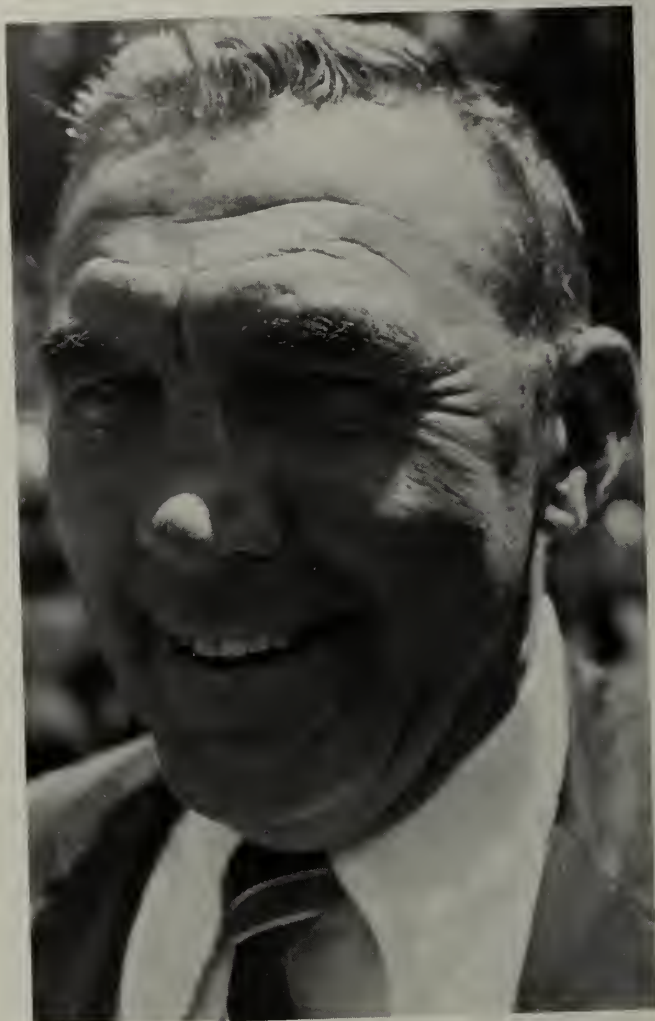


Remember not so much the things we did, but the people we did them with.

110479









At its best Andover was a human environment.
A patchwork of faces which taught far more than
any concrete curriculum ever could.



I count myself in nothing else
so happy
As in a soul remembering my
good friends.

William Shakespeare
King Richard II





The big world was a small part of the universe and the little house was an even smaller part of the big world. The people in it were a big part of the little house and a little part of the big world. But big or small, the people, the house, the world, the universe: they were all a part (or parts) of each other.

Philip Hooper







NO PARKING
A A A
PERSONNEL
ONLY

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

Edward Hale 1870





Deprepping . . .

A tradition like any other, worthwhile only if approached with a desire to make it worthwhile. A chance to welcome and help, but only if everybody really wants to.

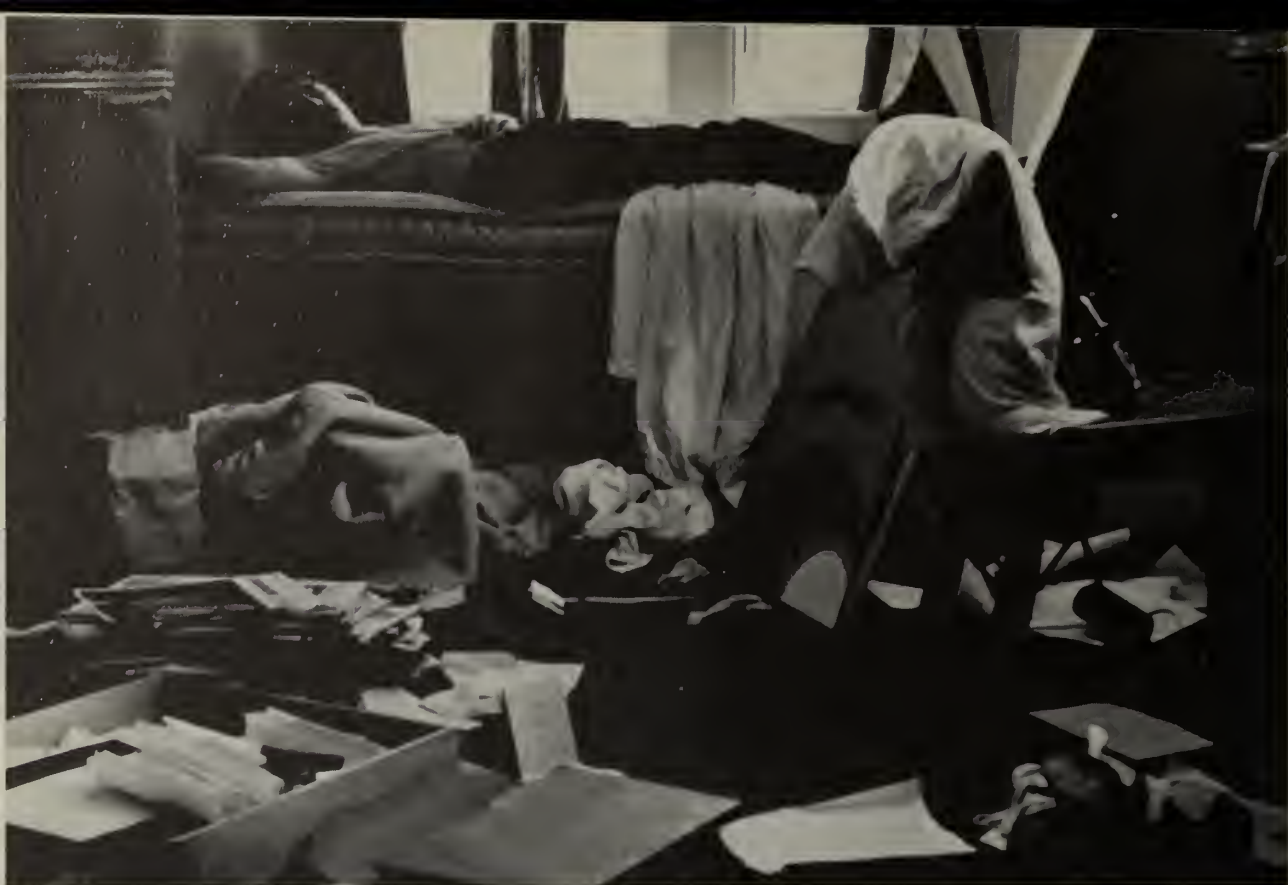




We were crude midwives, but
they came out wet and kicking.







Be always drunken. Nothing else matters: that is the only question. If you would not feel the powerful burden of Andover weighing on your shoulders and crushing you to the earth, be drunk continually.

Drunken with what? With wine, with whiskey, or with beer, as you will. But be drunken.

And if sometimes, on the Sam Phil steps, or on the green side of Rabbit Pond, or in the dreary solitude of your own room, you should awaken and the drunkenness be half or wholly slipped away from you, ask of your housemaster, or faculty advisor, or of your Headmaster, or of the Bell Tower, of whatever flies, or sighs, or rocks, or sings, or speaks, ask what hour it is; and your housemaster, your faculty advisor, your Headmaster, the Bell Tower will answer you: "It is the hour to be drunken! Be drunken, if you would not be martyred slaves of Andover; be drunken continually! With wine, with whiskey, or with beer, as you will.

James Bakker translation of a poem by Charles Baudelaire







Gracious!



P.A.

I woke up late and
I'm late for commons duty and
Graham will screw me and
Oh, shit, Zucker's paper isn't done and
I'm already two behind and
I've got a latin test I haven't studied for and
I don't have time to do it cause there's an assembly and
I can't cut any classes or I'll be overcut and
It will be my second restriction and
I've got a wrestling match tomorrow what I'm going to lose and
I have a biology test tomorrow and
A religion paper is due and
I'll never get it all done and
I think I'll quit and
Go home but
The old lady would kick my ass and
It would be a bad scene so
I'll have to stay and
Get it done somehow but
I know that I'll end up hacking around all night and
Saying to hell with it and
Going to bed and
Then it will be morning again and
It will start all over again and
To hell with this poem cause I'm going to bed.
Bill Collins









It used to be that a girl was a rare sight around Andover . . .

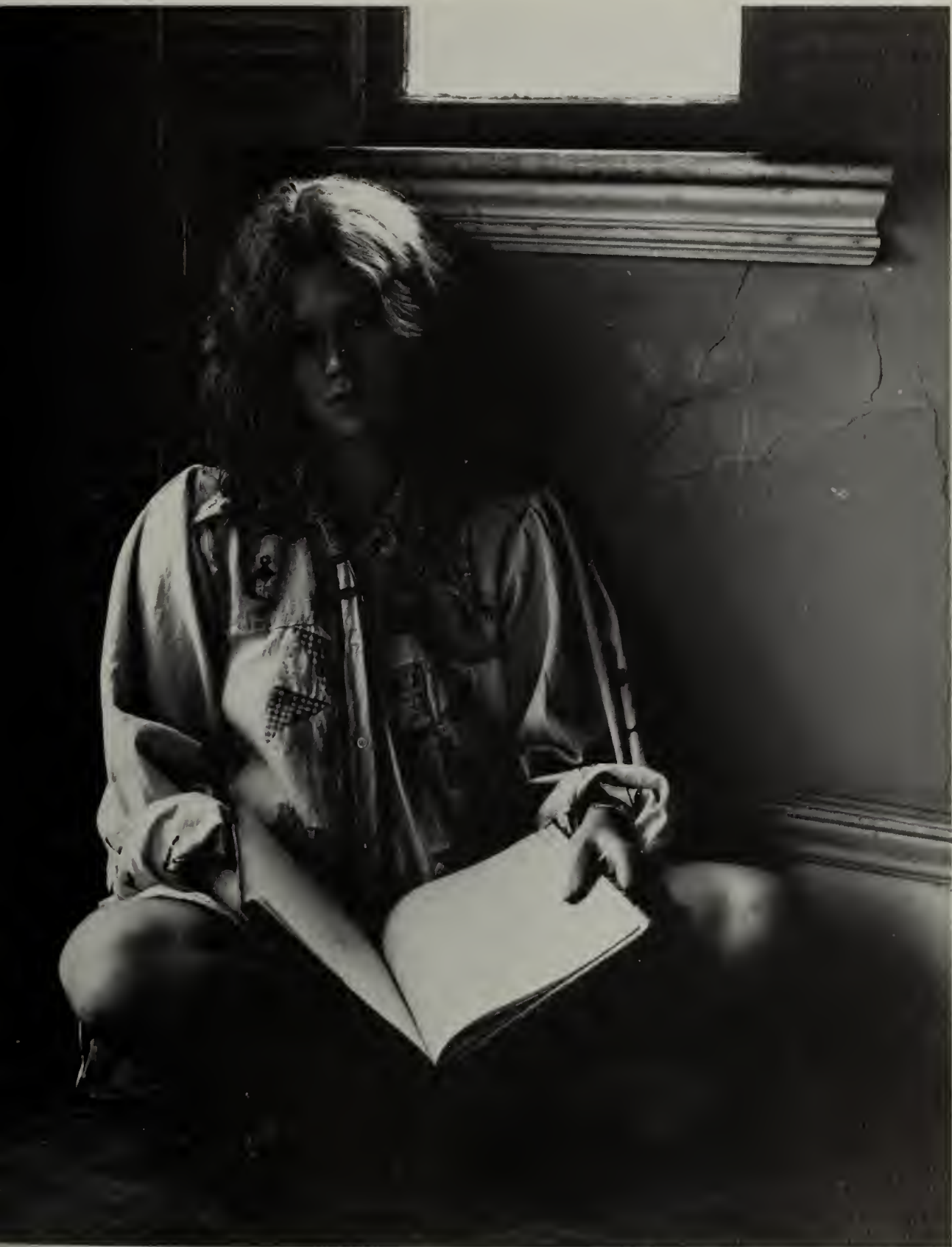




Now it's just a little unusual.

But we loved what we had.









before the storm

The shallow snow and yesterday's footprints
wait,
in the dim light leaves
lose their shadow, birds call
but do not sing.



first snow

Almost without stopping
it fell,
the blades of grass
tried
to keep their heads
(but I
 didn't)

thaw

The blanket, the blanket
of rain on my shoulders,
the snow I see
no longer feels
right.



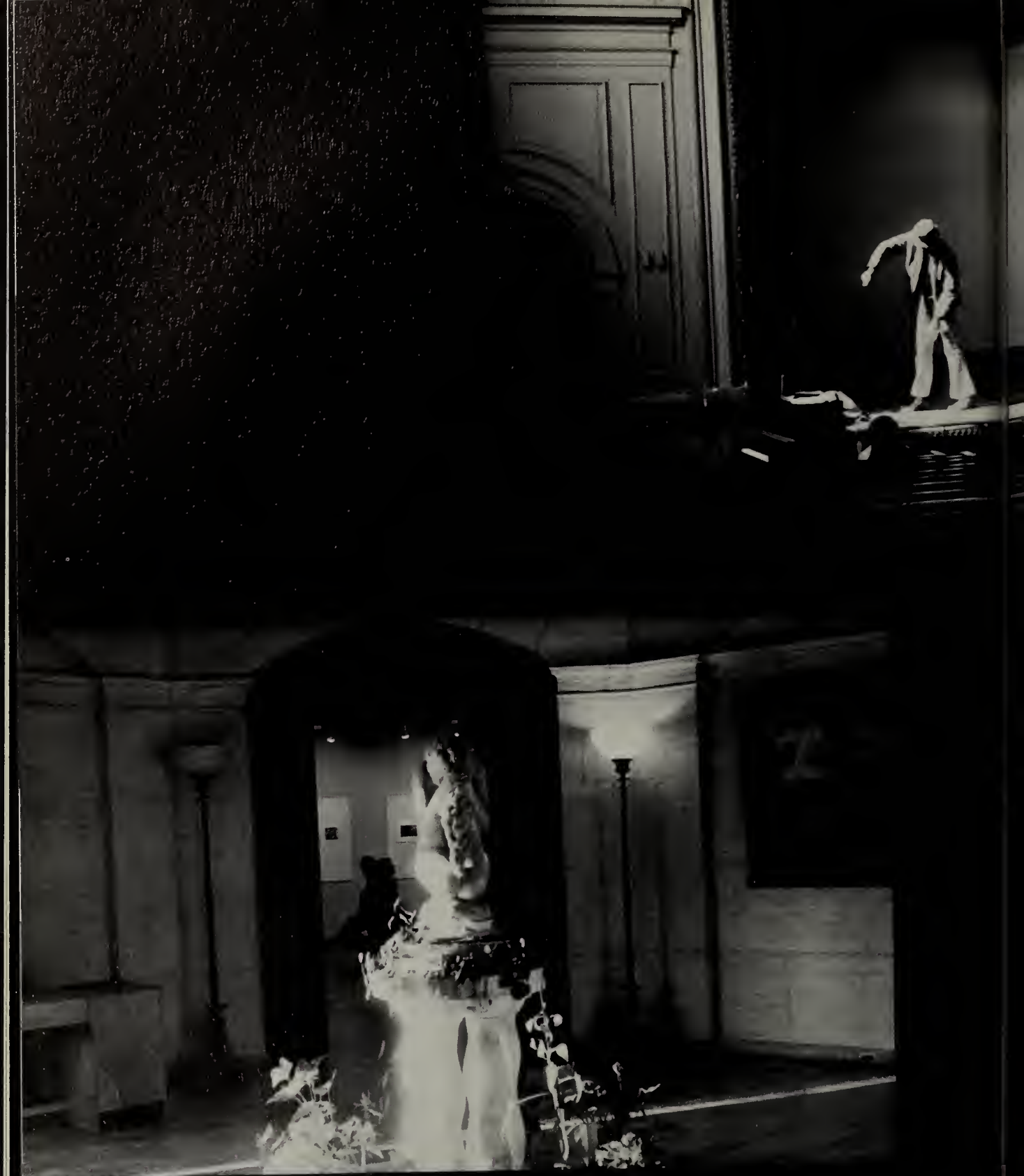


17

I have had these pine cones
17 years now
I've decided to keep them;
their water
glistens in the sun.

Rise for the setting
sun, the shining
that is at once
your own.









“For the Brothers who will be here to continue until their turn to move on arrives; and also to this institution, so that it may once again hear what many Blacks have been saying about the prep school trip . . .”

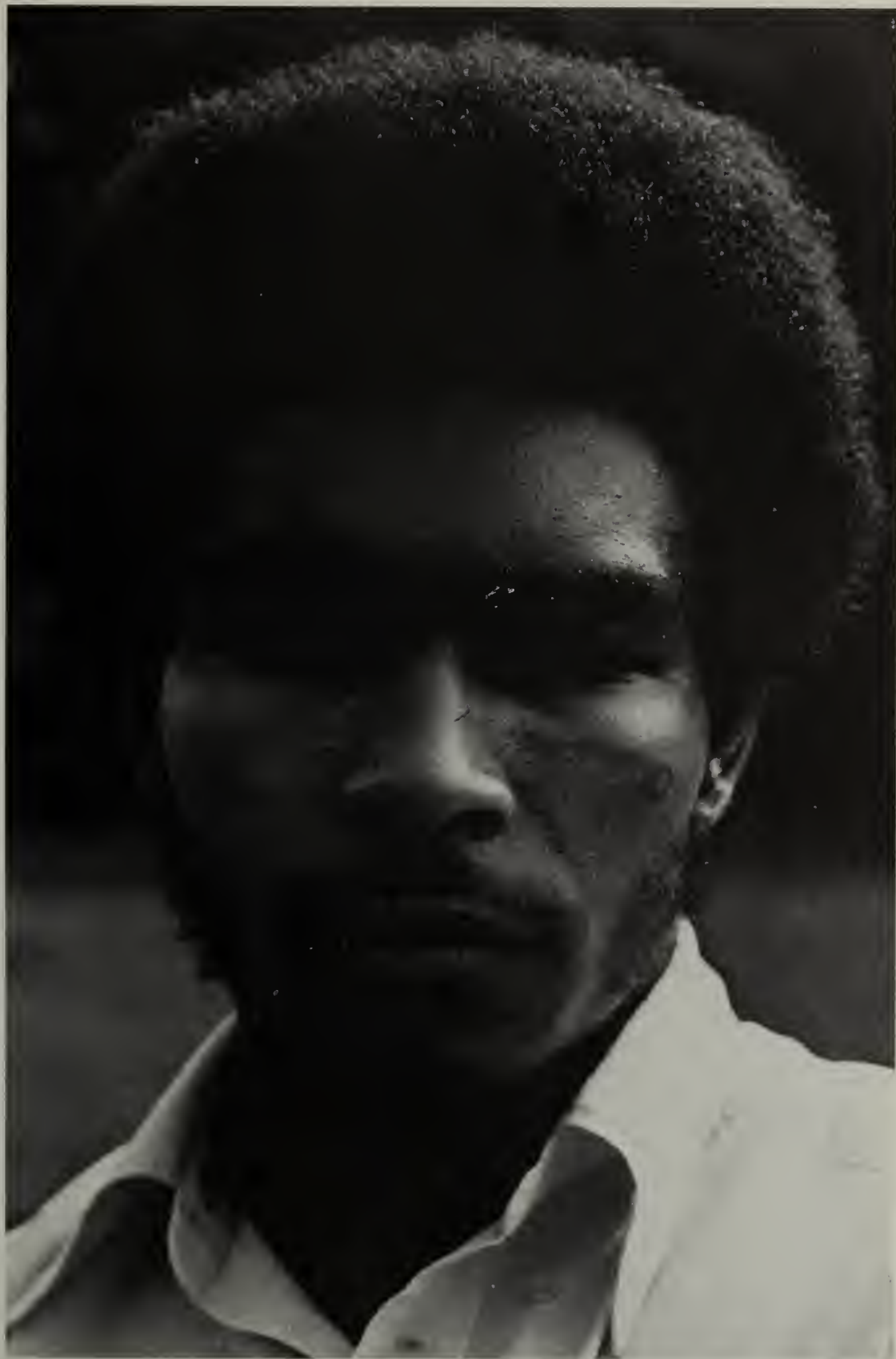
We, as Blacks come here for what we feel is a better form of education, and though we sacrifice much to come here, we do not belong to you.

You may give to us your education, but do not even attempt to indoctrinate us with your ideals. We have our own.

You can house our Black bodies, but not our Black minds; for our minds dwell in the house of a Black tomorrow which you can't enter, not even in your dreams.

Seek not to make us like you, for our lives go not backwards, nor tarry with yesterday, but move toward Black tomorrows.

Vernon C. Barksdale







Tension between faculty and students reached an unfortunate peak toward the end of the year.

As individuals, teachers sought to be sympathetic and understanding but, as a body, the faculty was painfully slow to institute vital change. Conflicting values and growing frustration needlessly hindered communication. Amidst all the tension faculty and students alike often failed to come to terms with human nature and human needs.

Too many of us isolated ourselves from each other, losing the rapport between teacher and student which should have been the most valuable part of our Andover education.

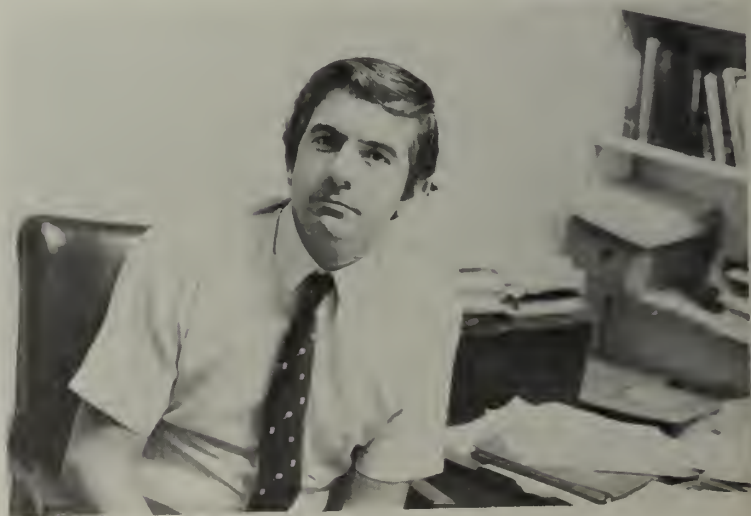
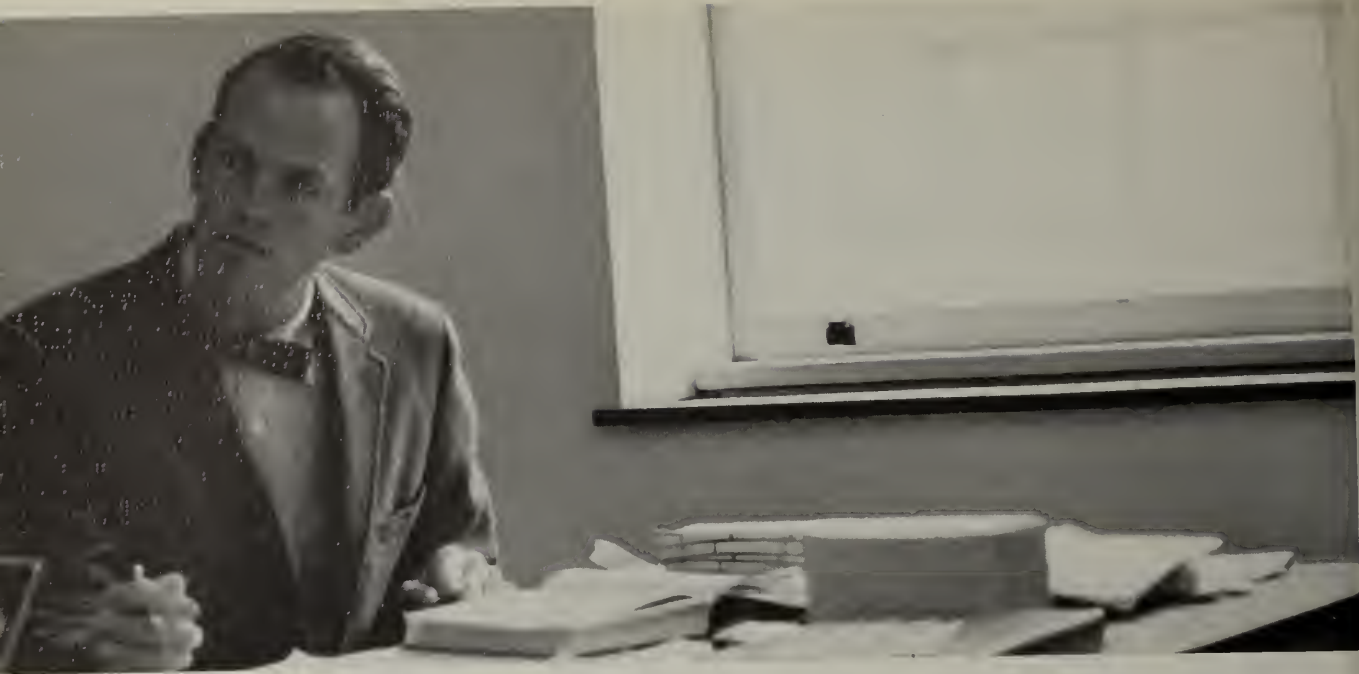




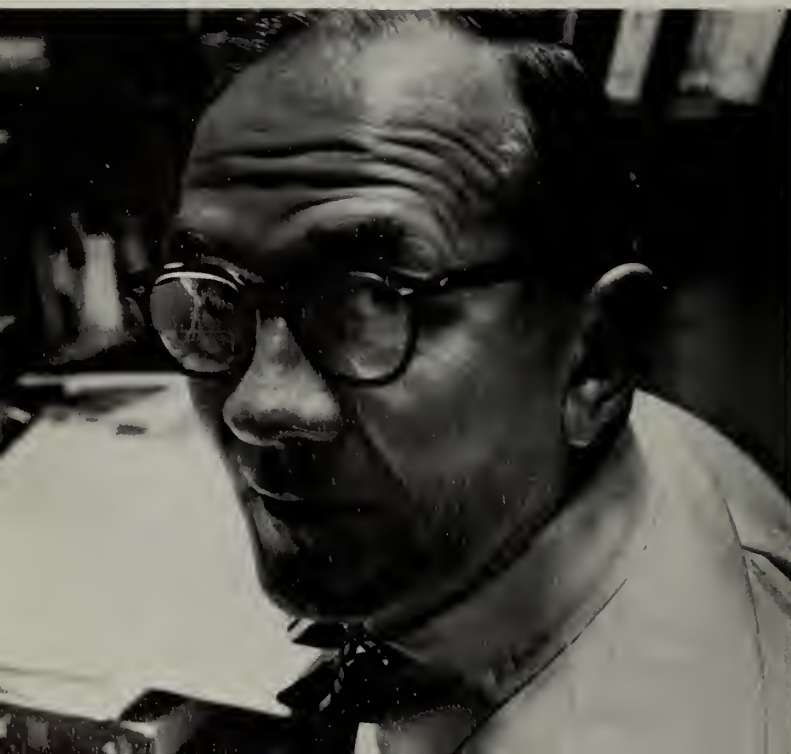
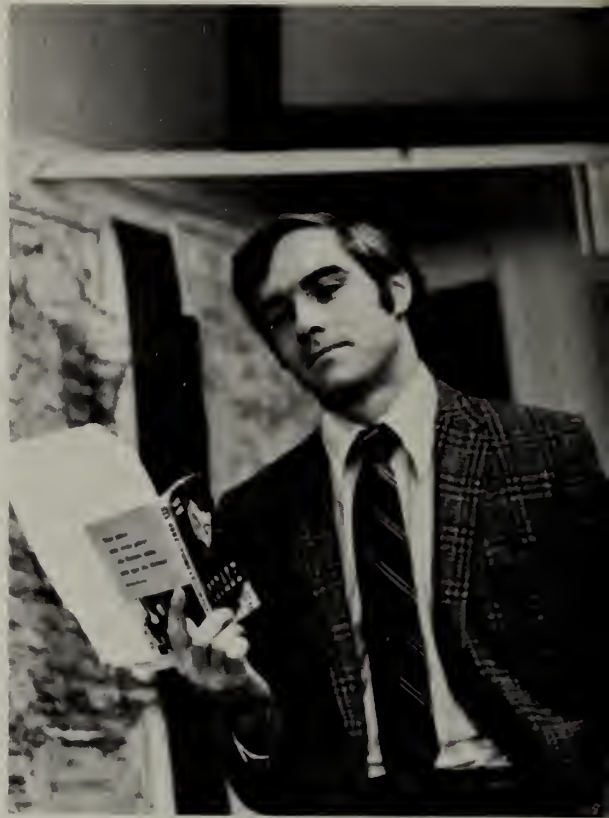
Dr. Alston H. Chase



for thirty-seven years a devoted teacher at Andover and an intellectual in the finest and purest sense of the word.

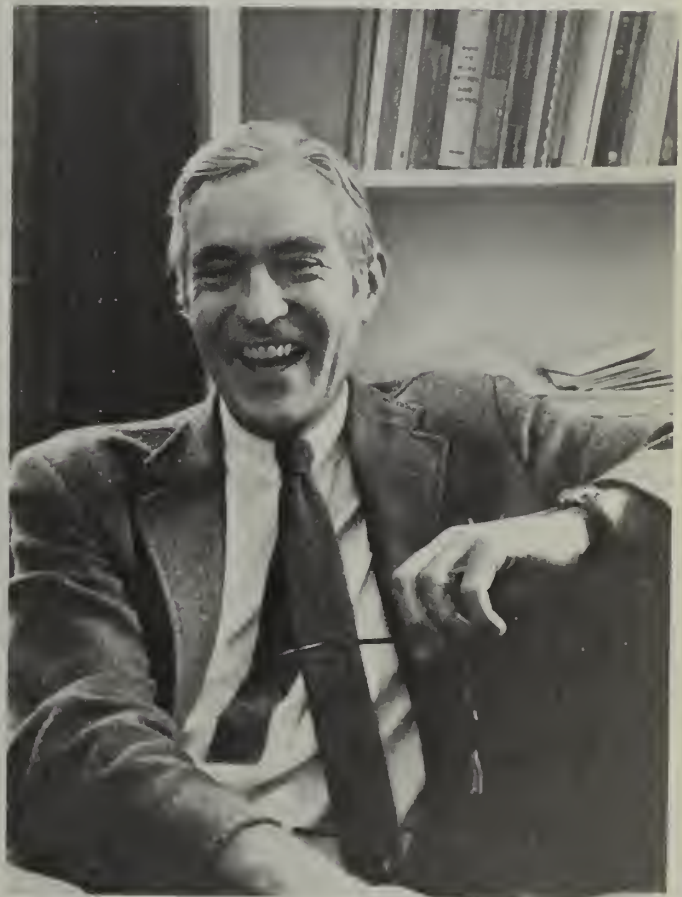
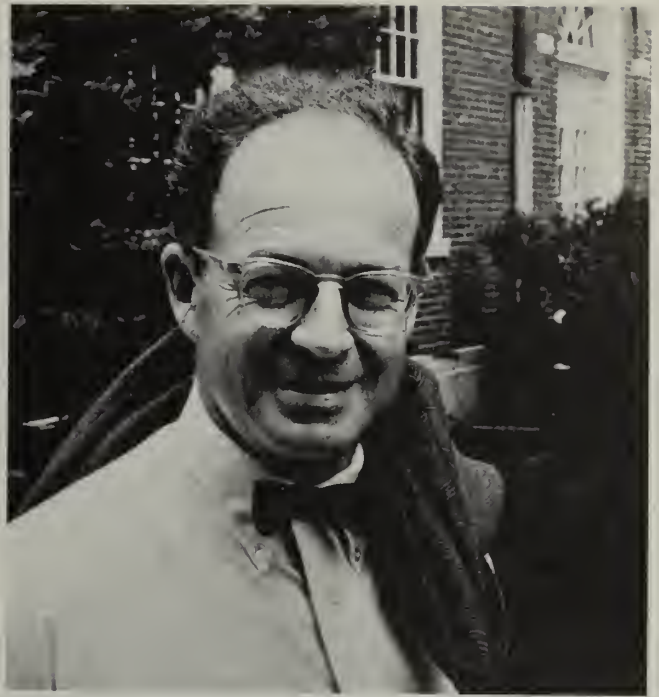












I hope that undergraduates will not consider those who disagree with them as bigoted, or inane, when these people are simply being human.

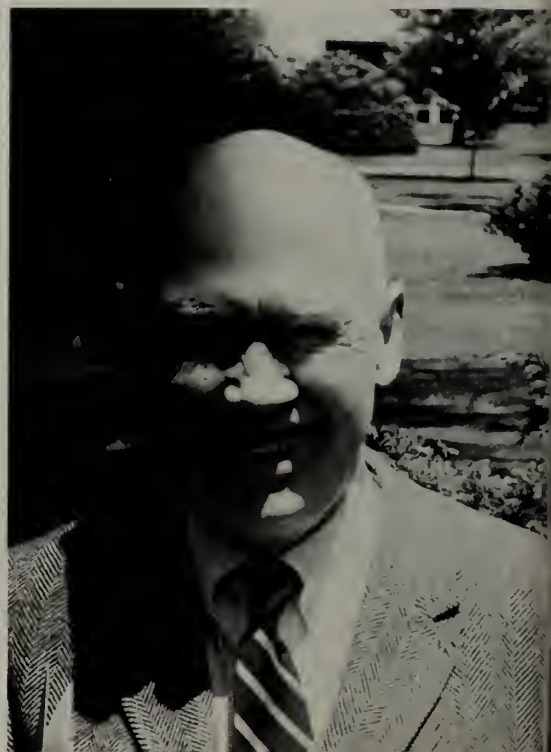
Frederick S. Allis Jr.

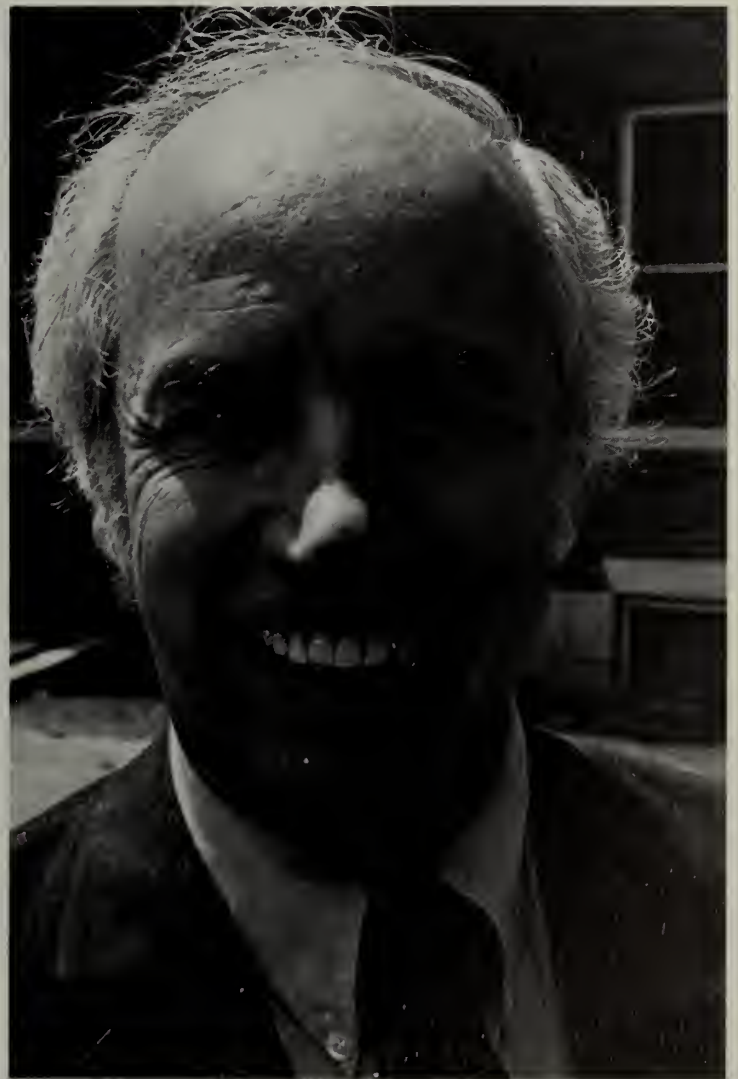




To an undergraduate who has been at Andover four years, a change that takes two years to bring about has taken half his Andover "lifetime" and could well be considered "agonizingly" slow. To a member of the faculty who has taught at Andover for over thirty years, two years seems a relatively short time in which to achieve a change. I don't see that we can do much about this difference in measuring time except to have each group try to understand the position of the other, and to remember that the faculty is going to have to live with the change long after the present undergraduates have gone.

Frederick S. Allis Jr.





Five of the faculty did a little something extra for us. Mr. Marx, Dr. Goodyear, Mr. Olivier, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Lyons

If you never knew them, here's your chance.

If you did and are glad you did, here's something to remember them by.

If you did and wish you didn't, stick pins in their hearts, draw hair on their lips, and burn them in the wastepaper basket.

In any event, you'll learn a little more about somebody with whom you've been living these past few years.



Any group of people has a language of intonation and gesture which is distinct from that of every other group. Even the elements of an uninhabited place relate to each other in characteristic rhythms and patterns — with, that is to say, a kind of natural grammar. It seems to me most important for anyone who wants to participate in the life of his environment to learn to use the different dialects that he encounters. I don't know any sure way to accomplish this, but I want to demonstrate by example that it is necessary. We live in a Babel, of which, perhaps, the Atlas Missile is the tower of our destruction. No one speaks a common tongue, or can explain to all of us what we are doing or have already done.

I went to the first Washington demonstration this year, on a bus with some students and faculty members from the school. When the bus arrived, I wandered around in the early morning, watching people getting up, feeding themselves, trying to wash and get ready for their long day at the demonstration.

The weather had been good, nobody had been camping out too long; it was an adventure, and people were very friendly and in good spirits. I stood about and took pictures with my little movie camera. People were neither shy nor show-offs: they tried not to get in my way, they grinned, they tried to guess what I was up to. They concluded I was a little nuts, but that, clearly, was O.K. with them.

There were exceptions, of course. One guy wanted to know why I was wasting film on trees and the lake and sun, and was a little hostile until I explained about "the man-nature dialects that exists in bourgeois society", which seemed to make it all right. A few other people with expensive 16mm cameras (I saw one Beaulieu, a couple of Bolexes and an Eclair) were distinctly contemptuous, and I found myself feeling guilty for trespassing on their turf with a little Kodak. I fought off a strong urge to explain that I did have a big Bolex of my own, but just hadn't wanted to bring it along.

Around noon I went down to the reflecting pool by the Lincoln Memorial, because I knew my parents were coming to the demonstration, and I thought that was where they would be. I stopped to talk to a couple of lowers from P.A.; I heard my mother's voice say "Hey, I know you." She came out of the trees in a blue pants suit, followed by my father in turtleneck and small knapsack, and by a couple of Father's fellow professors. A family reunion.

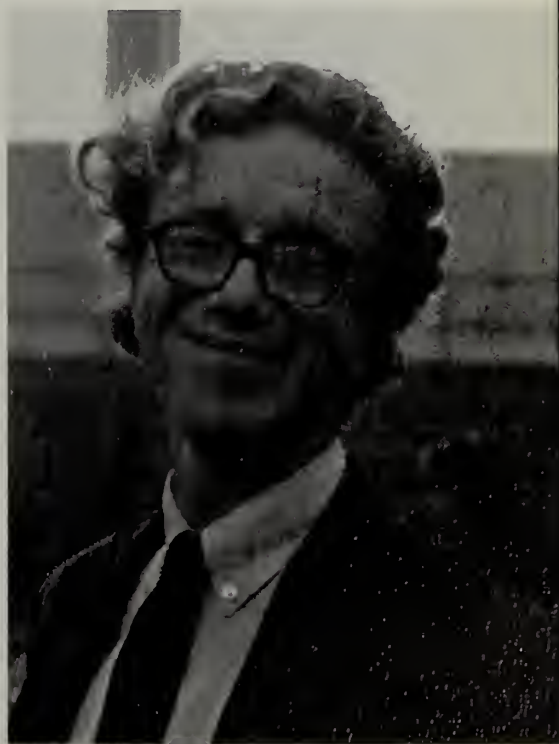
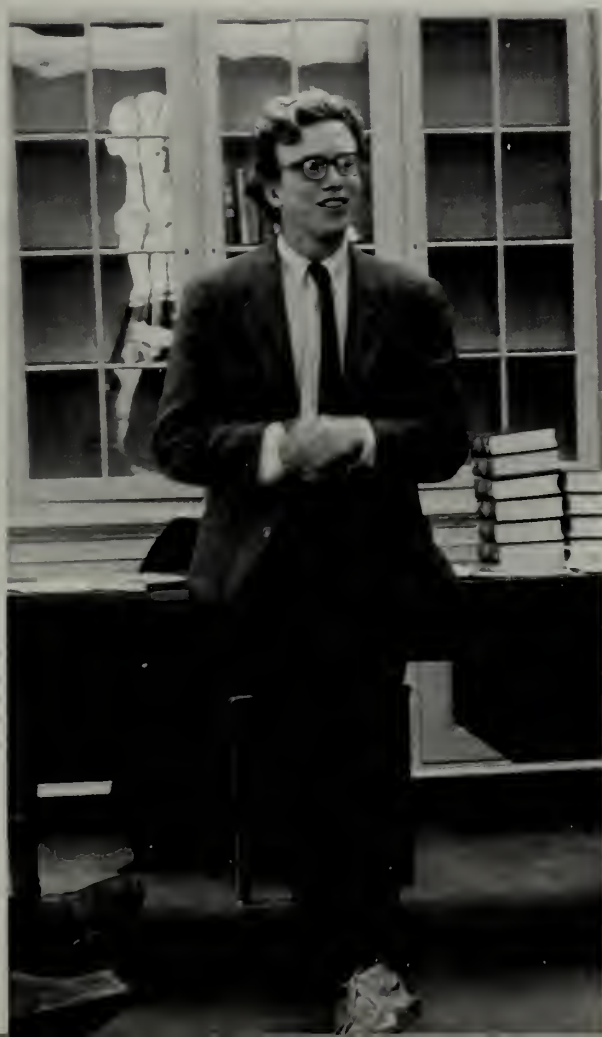
One of the professors was at his first demonstration. He used to be conservative. He was wearing a three piece suit and tie, but his hair was long. He was worried about what he called "the house". "I told you, Leo," he kept telling my father, "it's going to be a flop. Nobody's going to show up. I've never been so embarrassed." My father admitted it wasn't as big as last year's rally, but that, he said, made it all the more important for us to be there. George, the professor, could see the point, and suddenly hordes of long-haired radicals emerged from the woods. "My God," George said, "there's millions of them. It's too crowded. I can't breathe."

We got to the final gathering place and opened the pack. Out came dark German bread, assorted cheeses and salamis, oranges, chocolate, coffee, and, believe it or not, paté de foie gras. The cadaverous radicals around us gasped. All through the speeches people kept sliding up and saying, "Hey, man, could I have just a little piece of that bread?" And when a sandwich and an orange and half a chocolate bar were thrust upon them — "Oh far out, beautiful, like I never thought I'd get any of this around here, oh far out, this is amazing, I haven't eaten in three days." Meanwhile the Viet Cong flag flew merrily from George Washington or whoever's statue, marijuana smoke lifted faintly in the breeze, and Women's Lib speakers were followed by Country Joe singing about girls in their summer dresses. Everybody clapped and cheered. Finally it got boring and we left, although George didn't want to. "I wanted to hear the gay people," he said. But he didn't care too much. We walked up Pennsylvania Avenue, past a million blowing leaflets, declarations, demands, and petitions, looking for popsicles.

Maybe all of that doesn't prove my point about Babel. Maybe it proves some other point, or nothing. Certainly nothing precise or profound got said or done in Washington. But most people did seem to listen to and tolerate each other, and even like each other, for the most part. Perhaps that much, at least, we can understand. Perhaps a race which will otherwise destroy itself can't be too picky.



STEPHEN MARX



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This is the moment of unknowing.

Alone in the dark of a freezing sun we wait and hope, longing for much, expecting only pain. But a pulse ago we were, we made a choice and changed a world. Relentless now the solitude reflects the act and echoes judgment.

The land grows deaf of voices wild, chanting dead litanies to a powerless God. Once it would have harkened, heeded, tried to comfort. Once — long past — all Nature sympathized and move to understand, but soon grew weary and resigned herself to dumb futility.

Day became moonless night, and man sought fire for his soul. Some called it brotherhood; some, war. A stranger to the land would weep while poets sang of blood. The song soared to the pensive skies and filled the void with expectation. Sound and blood swell together, desolations and man's anxiety fuse, grow, and soon burst forth into blinding darkness.

O sit alone in paradox. The past is rendered meaningless and through the day's obscurity, we cannot know tomorrow. All motion is suspended; Man and Nature wait on us to act, to point a course, a truth. The world is ours to make — or to forsake.



DANIEL OLIVIER

Jean Paul Sartre holds that if men my age could somehow have the chance to start again, and yet not forget what we have learned, we'd still make a muck of it. And yet life isn't all mistakes. There are things very right that we do and have. I'm lucky in that I've found what is right for me. Teaching is, being married and a father is, having good friends is, having a place in a community is, creating something with my hands is, and finally there is sailing. Someone asked me once if I hadn't been frightened the first time I made a long, off-shore passage. I was, I admit, but I can't think of anything worth doing that isn't frightening. There have been mistakes and pain enough so that the idea of starting over doesn't appeal to me any more than it does to Sartre — no thanks! What does appeal is the thought of the next class, the next new book, the next sail while remembering and evaluating the last. There are few things I don't enjoy. Like you I worry about the many things that are everywhere wrong, but life, such as it is, is far superior to the only alternative I know of. I don't give up, Sartre doesn't in spite of his gloomy view, and I'd be sorry if you did.







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Our winged words within earth's home
Share joy and pain. We strive toward Om
From infant cry. In rockets' breath
Razum, razgrom. Beyond each death
Speech lives, immortal truth to tell:
Logos is God, Who loves us well.

Commentary

The Homeric phrase "winged words" describes speech influenced by intense emotion, which the speaker wishes to communicate to others. In Hindu religious philosophy "Om" is an ideal sound, symbolizing acceptance of the universe of creation, preservation, and destruction. It also represents man's identification with Brahman, the supreme being, when he is liberated from cycles of reincarnation in the world of illusion. The original meaning of infant is "not speaking."

"Razum" is intelligence expanded to its limits; "razgrom" is total destruction. These Russian words suggest both the triumph and the threat of human inventiveness, praised by Sophocles in *Antigone* (lines 332-375): "There are many awesome things, and none is more awesome than man." The menace is intensified by contemporary nationalistic competition.

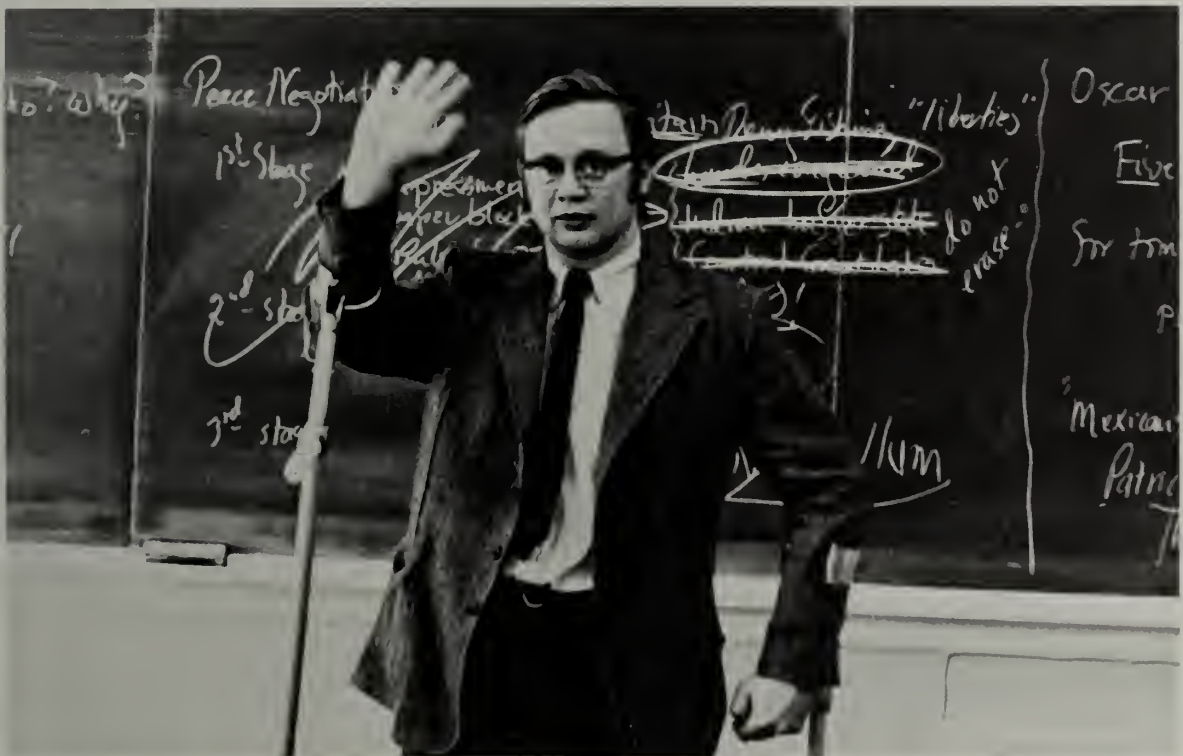
The Greek "logos" is rational utterance, the principle of creative intelligence, which St. John (I. 1-14) equated with God, the original divine purpose. Man's capacity to love his fellowman, and to feel that all mankind is in the care of a divine spirit, gives human life a meaning that transcends mortality, because we can express these emotions in speech.

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Man and Society: Black and White, Spaniard and Indian; Poverty; Conflict and Social Change; Power, Leadership, and Decision-Making – the Log Cabin – the South End and Laon – Independent Study. The students found the world as it is. They moved into a larger classroom, lived in it and worked at it. They listened to and saw its beauty and ugliness, its pains and joy. They felt, they thought, and they acted. They worked alone and together. They asked questions and sought answers. Each student came to understand a little more about himself, his fellows and his society. They not only came to see the world as it is; but also they discovered some of the reasons why, created visions of what might be, and diagrammed means to make it so. I taught them, I learned with them, and I was instructed by them.





There were Andover and Exeter with their memories of New England dead — large, college-like democracies; St. Mark's, Groton, St. Regis' — recruited from Boston and the Knickerbocker families of New York; St. Paul's with its great rinks; Taft and Hotchkiss, which prepared the wealth of the Middle West for social success at Yale; Pawling, Westminster, Choate, Kent, and a hundred others; all milling out their well-set-up, conventional, impressive type, year after year; their mental stimulus the college entrance exams; their vague purpose set forth in a hundred circulars as "To impart a Thorough Mental, Moral, and Physical Training as a Christian Gentleman, to fit the boy for meeting the problems of his day and generation, and to give a solid foundation in the Arts and Sciences."

F. Scott Fitzgerald
This Side of Paradise







. . . a school for the purpose of instructing Youth, not only in English and Latin Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, and those Sciences, wherein they are commonly taught, but more especially to learn them the great end and real business of living . . .

Above all, it is expected that the Master's attention to the disposition of the minds and morals of the youth under his charge will exceed every other care; well considering that, though goodness without knowledge (as it respects others) is weak and feeble, yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous, and that both united form the noblest character, and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind.

— from the Constitution of PA





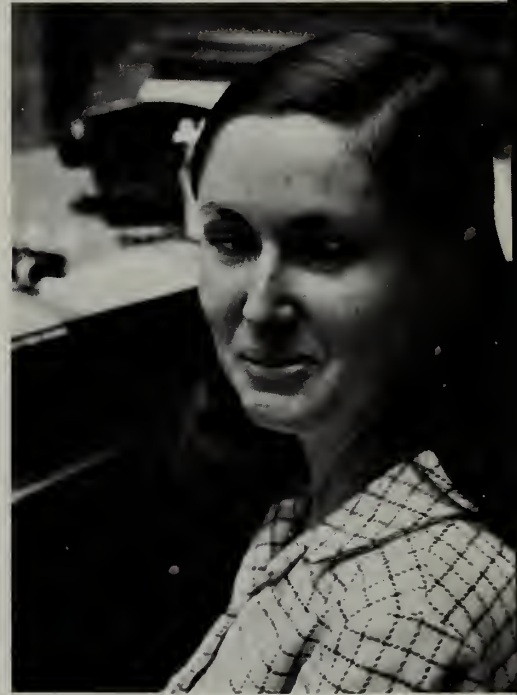
A quiet place to study, to think, to daydream, or just to sleep.

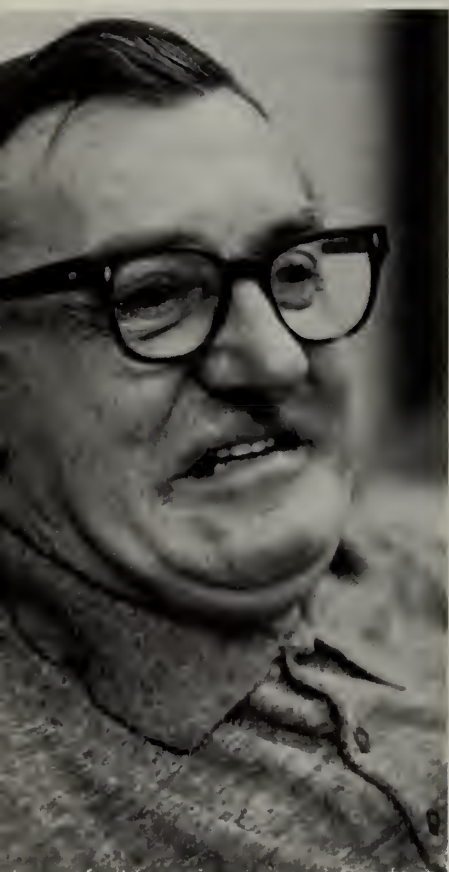




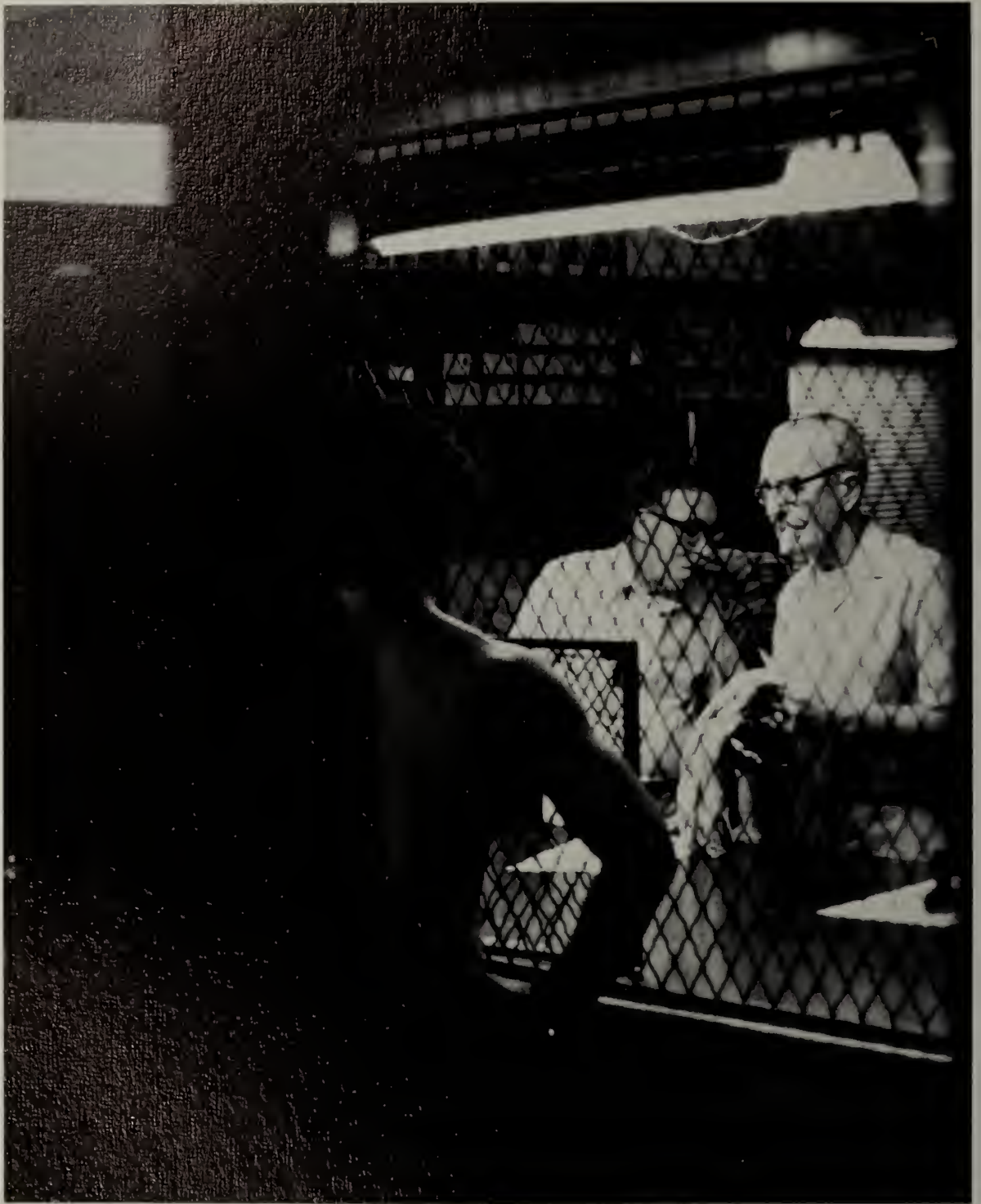




















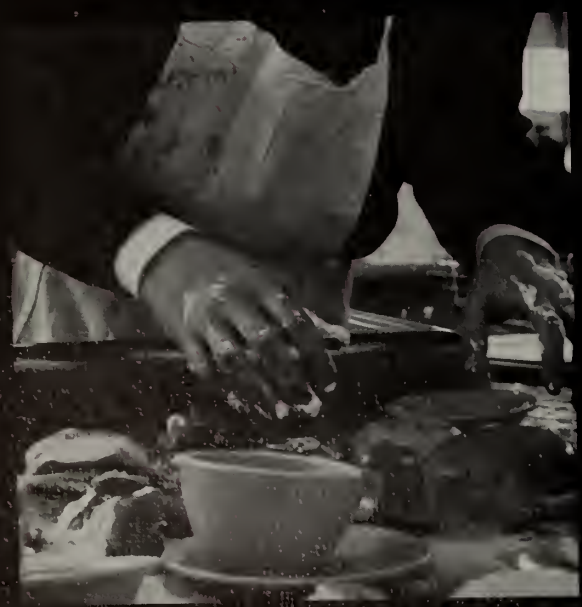
My legs aren't what they used to be, so instead of chasing after kids, I just yell a little louder. My lungs are pretty good still.

Robert Leete



We may live without poetry,
music and art;
We may live without conscience
and live without heart;
We may live without friends;
we may live without books;
But civilized man can not
live without cooks.
He may live without books, —
what is knowledge but
grieving?
He may live without hope, —
what is hope but de-
ceiving?
He may live without love, —
what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can
live without dining?
Edward Lytton







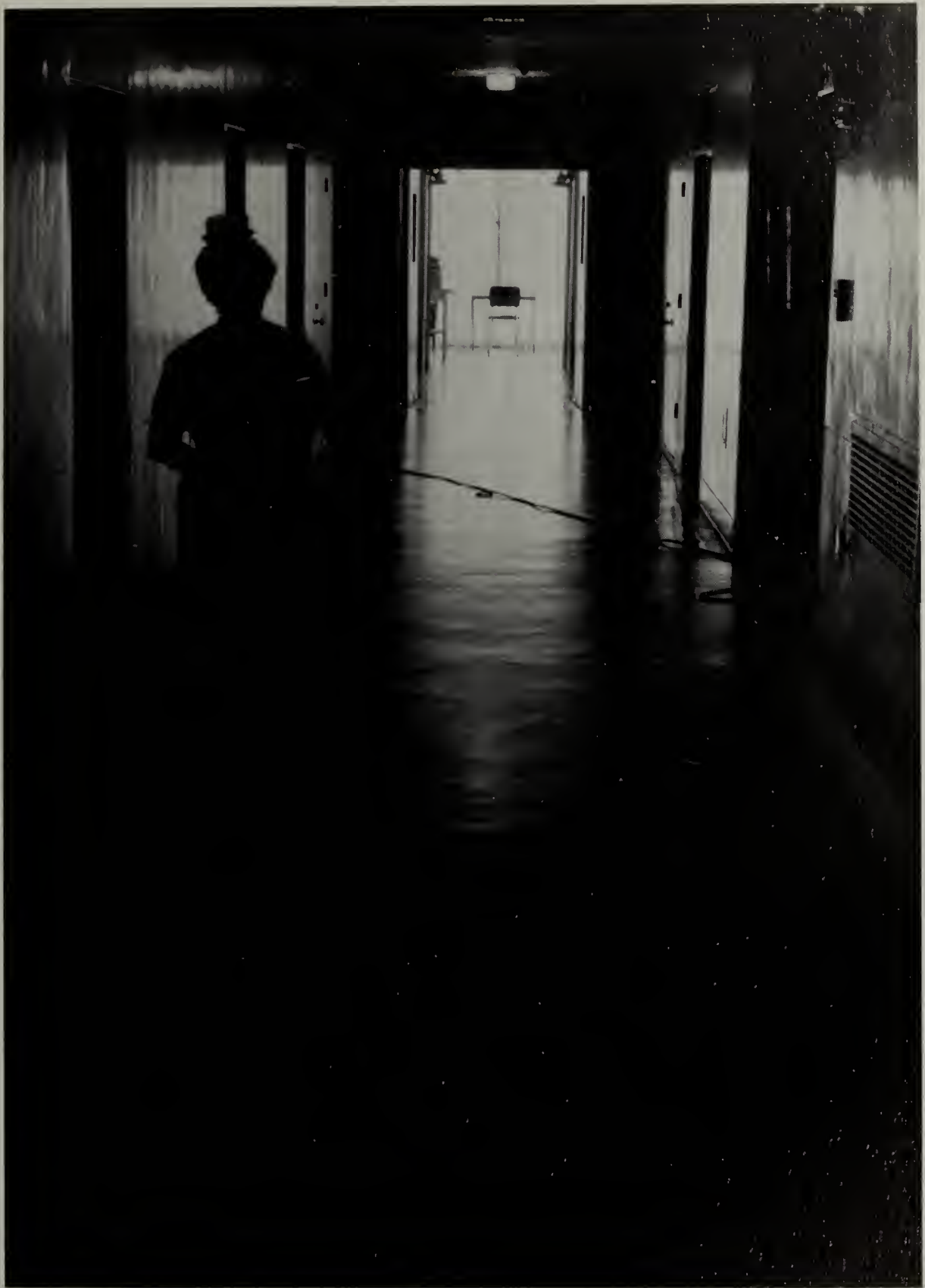


When things got desperate the nurses were there with a kind smile, but Louie always seemed to want our blood.









Rise
before the sun
Early morning
reveille 7:10
with all the fury of
big ben
at noon.
Constant parade:
mondaybiologytuesdaybiologywednesdaybiol

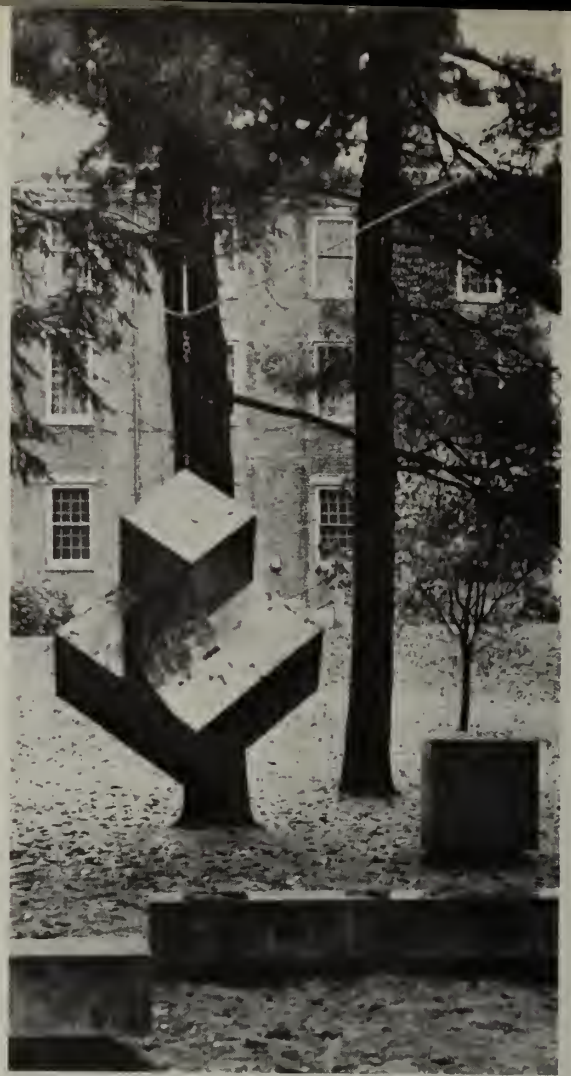
Constant structure
Superstructure:
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command
helmsman
communications
artillery
fusebox
function surrogate.
Structure
Structure
Superstructure
constant use.

KAMIKAZE:

bridge
command
helmsman
communications
artillery
fusebox
defunct

Where the Heart is. . .
Where?

Ted Pease









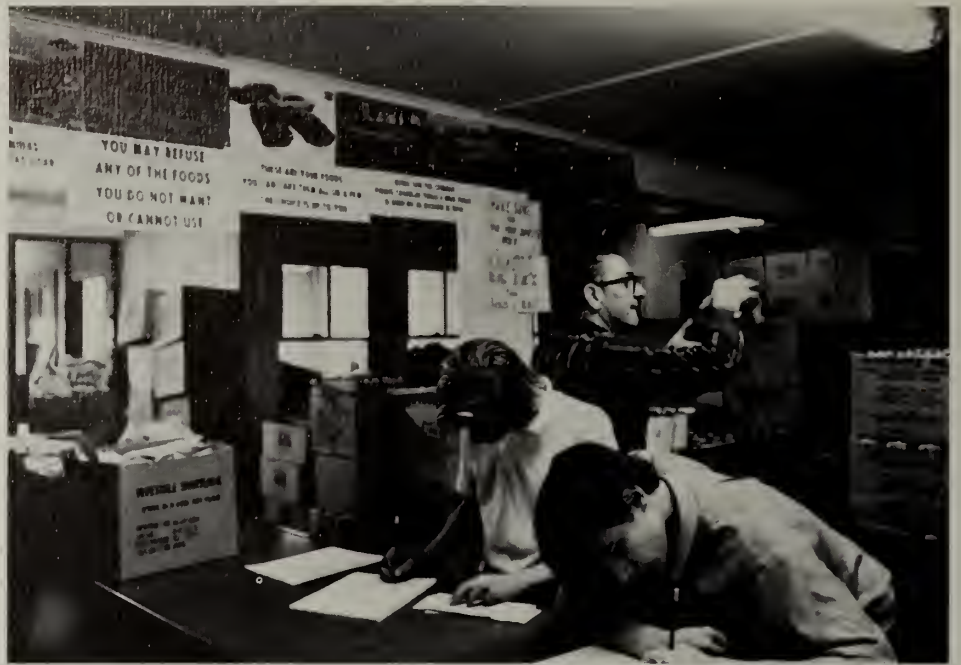
Amid the winter term blahs, February Week was a welcome relief. For some it meant no more than an extended long weekend of sleep and vice. Yet through art, community involvement, and communal living others were able to develop new interest and motivation at a time when both were hard to find.







THE
GLOUCESTER
PROJECT





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Finding ourselves in an unrestricted learning situation, we were at first confused. Nobody pressured us to absorb knowledge; the freedom was exciting, but sometimes we abused it. Nevertheless we learned from our jobs and from each other, and we got a new perspective on the value of our Andover education.

David Knights

It seemed that just when we had gotten to the stream and tasted the cool, clear water, it had dried up before our faces. No one wanted to leave.

Ronald Gore





In Man and Society students receive a firm but theoretical basis of study in the classroom; they then go the actual site of their area of study and come into direct contact with the phenomena they learned in class. The combination of classroom and outside experience allow the students to synthesize knowledge and actual fact.

John Patrick



LAON





Building a schoolhouse, working in an orphanage for the deaf and dumb, and working with an archaeologist . . . language and culture and people (sincere, without self-pity), Pablo (honest and open), Bernando who cried when we left, character building, positive attitudes toward people, counter to old cynicism, timeless and unrushed and unstructured.

“Next year because of financial problems affecting the entire school, Man and Society will not offer the Mexico program.”
The Phillipian



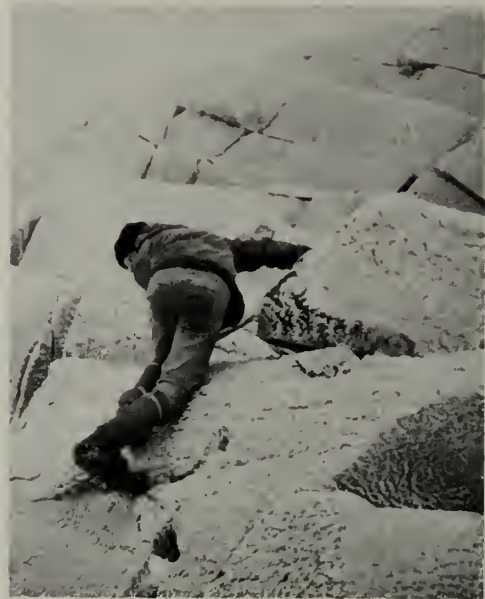


Search and Rescue

Only now do I realize how many paths
there are to knowledge and that the path
of the mind is not the only one and per-
haps not even the best one.

Hermann Hesse

Narcissus and Goldmund





THE COOP



Despite some headaches, the Coop has been remarkably effective, both in encouraging communication between students and faculty and in sponsoring specific ideas and programs which have been implemented to make the community better.

John Richards

The Coop, with certain procedural reforms, can truly function as a forum for the discussion of issues. However, this mere discussion does not allow the student to have other than a passive voice in the governance of the school. The Coop must give students a chance to participate in actual voting, thereby helping to determine the rules by which they live.

David Lipsey



The PHILIPPIAN

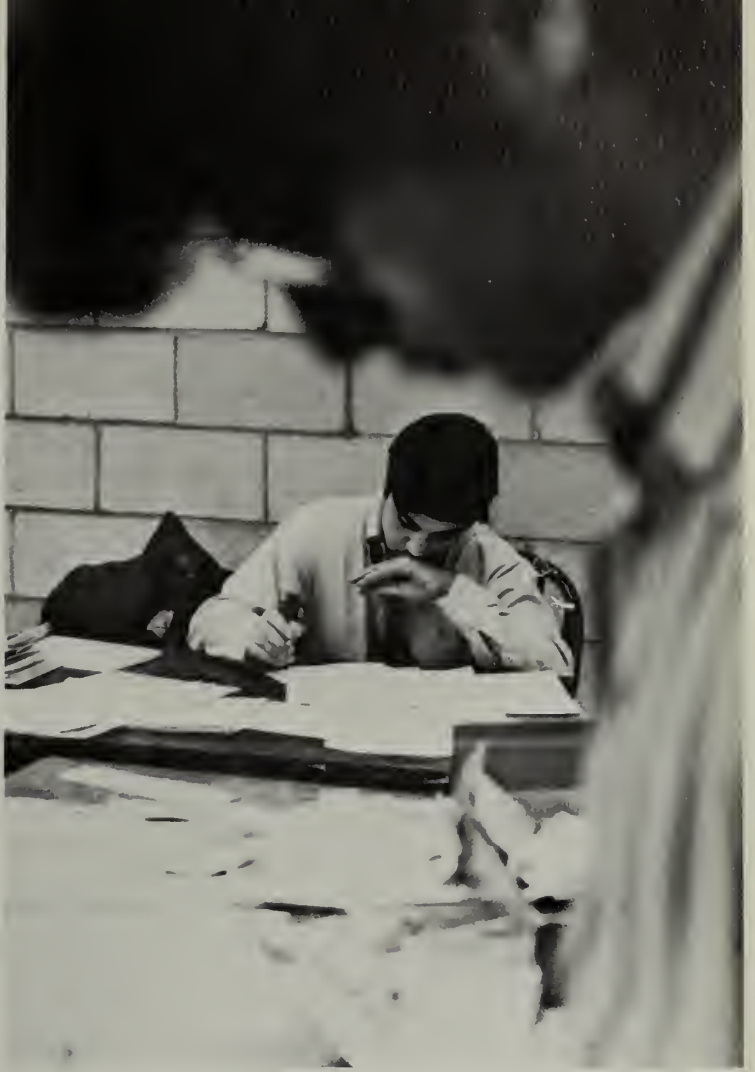
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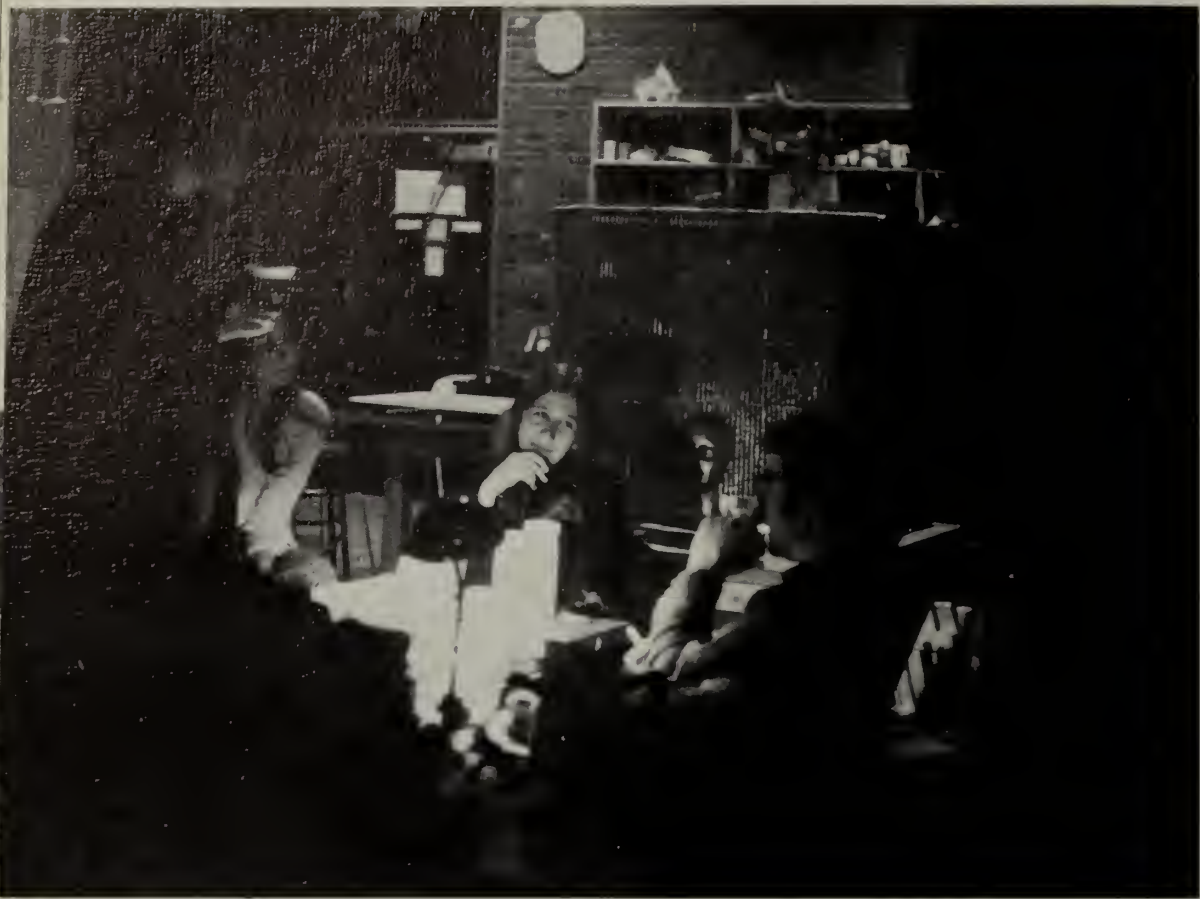
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Architecture Project Bancroft Playground



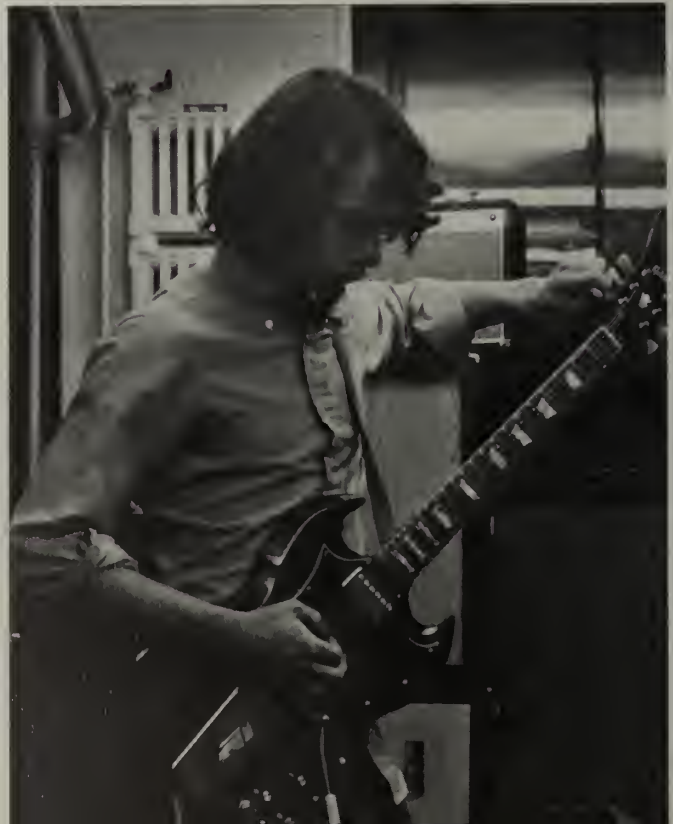








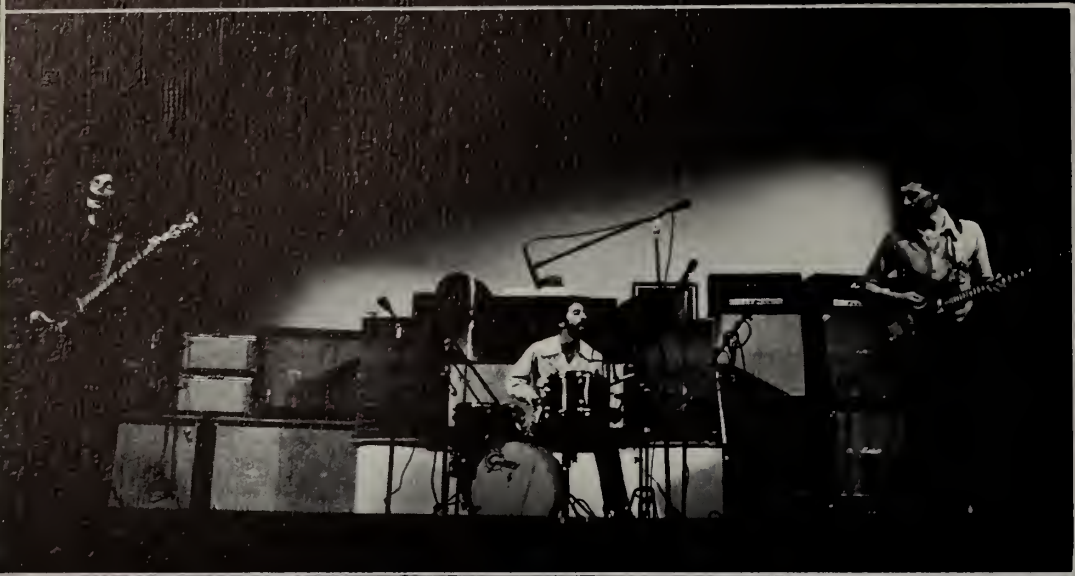












New York Rock Ensemble

Poco

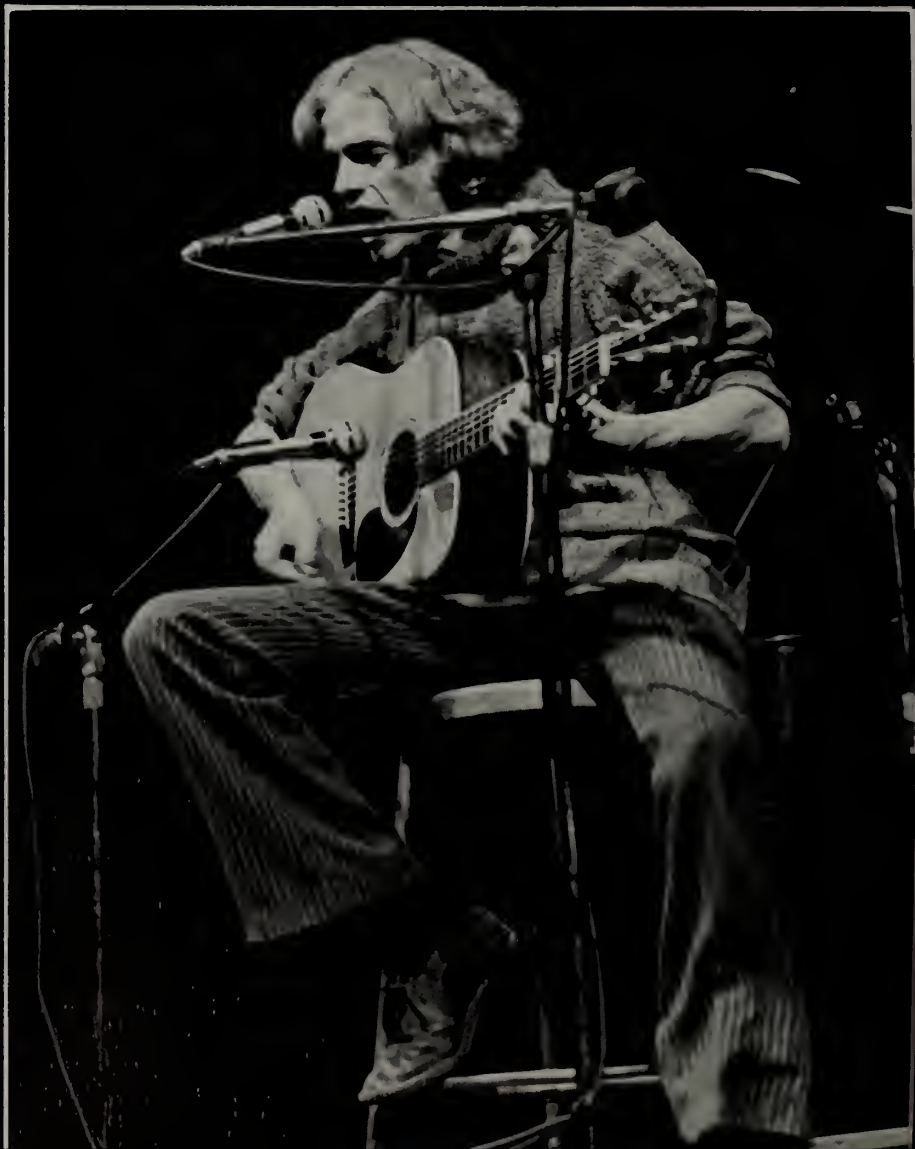
Livingston Taylor

Tony Williams' Lifetime

Cat Stevens

Spirit in the Flesh

Jesus Christ Superstar



If Santa Claus were real, he'd be like Mr. Bailey.









ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN

ARE DEAD



KING RICHARD III







On Directing

When I decided to direct *The Bald Soprano*, I originally thought I would be little more than a theatrical technician, little more than a mere plotter of scenes. But I was wrong. Oh well, I suppose that to a certain degree I was a theatrical technician; but to a much more significant degree I was a diplomat, an amateur psychologist, a part-time janitor, and as on one occasion an oto-rhino-laryngologist (?).

It was educational too. Yes, of course I learned something about the theatre (its ins and outs, its ups and downs, to be archaic about the whole thing). But I learned more about people. Tolerance and acceptance of other people, especially during their desperate attempts to be somebody else, as they must be in a theatrical context. To be a director one must be a student of people.

And of course it was rewarding. It was a beautiful thing to see somewhat awkward, idle scenes blossom into a single dramatic entity. But the most memorable moment came five minutes after our last performance: the drama lab had cleared and we were alone. The seven of us were there alone. Helpless. Without direction. Yet we could not leave.

Bruce Victor





Two artificial worlds that can grab you and make you believe,
sweep you off the ground and pull you along in dizzy motion.



They can catch you up so you're outside yourself and your
mind and body spin down separate paths while a third force
drives you on.







SOCCER

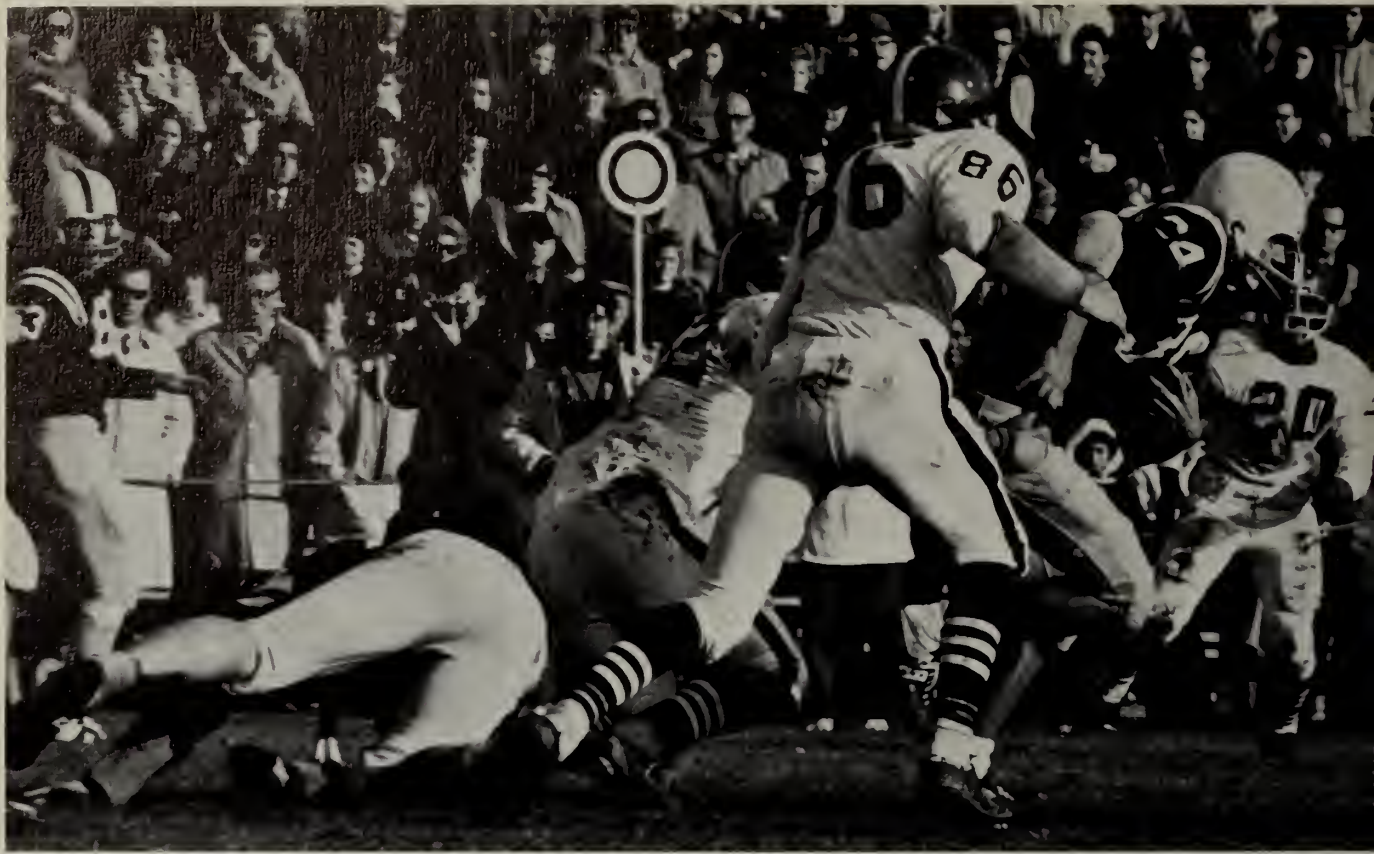






Hey, kiddo.

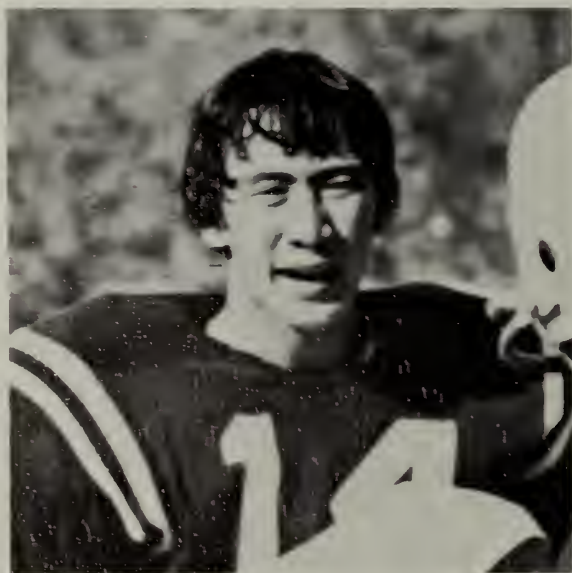




There's something about a fall afternoon, something crisp and invigorating, that can make a guy want more than anything else to be outside, running and playing, and come in feeling tired and sore and good.



All I want tomorrow is a little Hawaiian sunshine.
Milt Holt
at the Exeter Rally



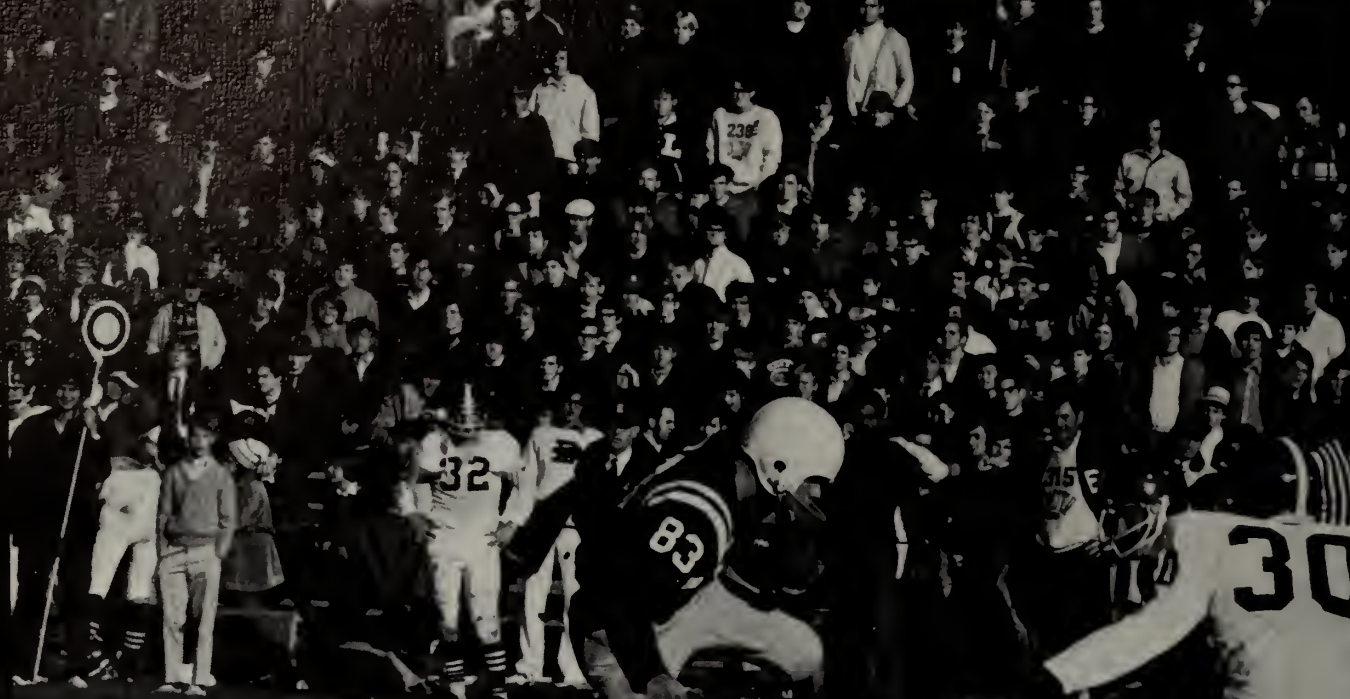


He got it then, as he did for the last quarter at Lawrenceville and for a whole, incredible afternoon at Deerfield.





EXETER



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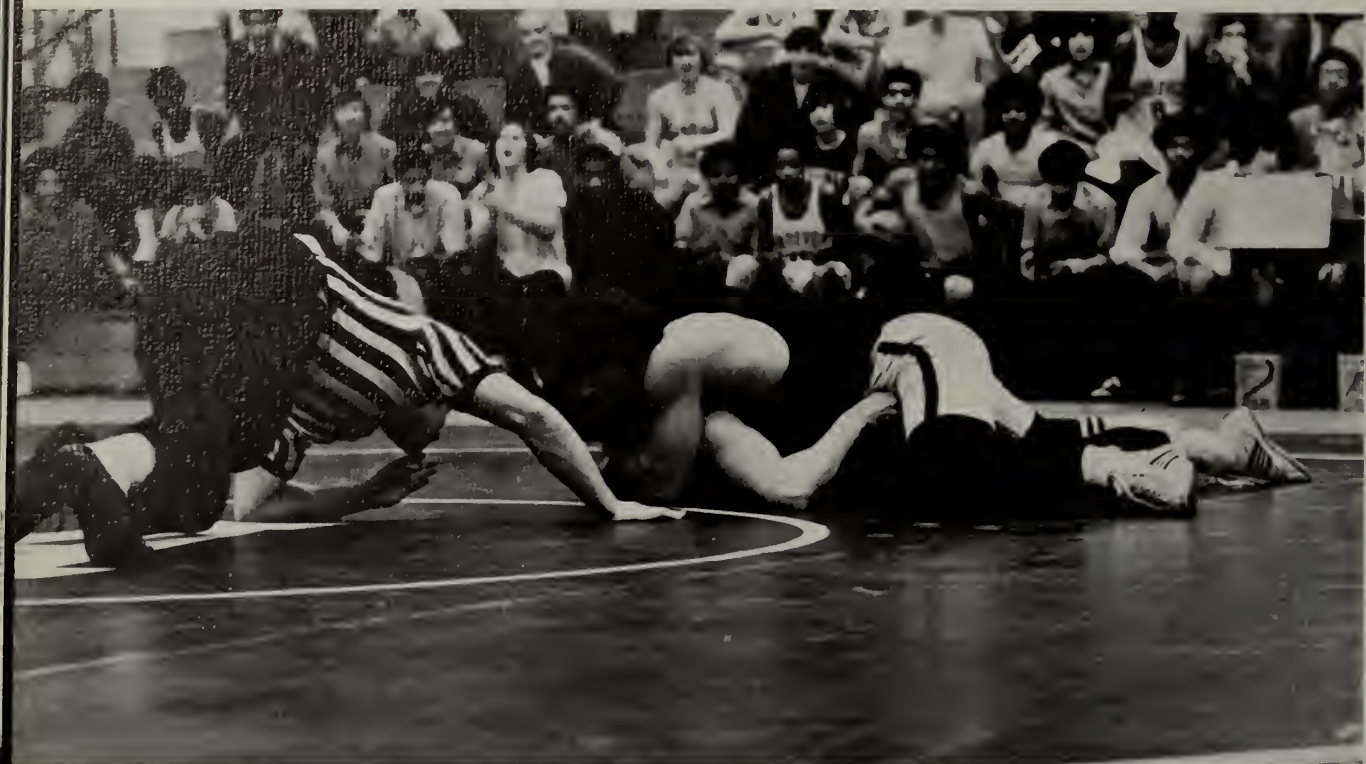
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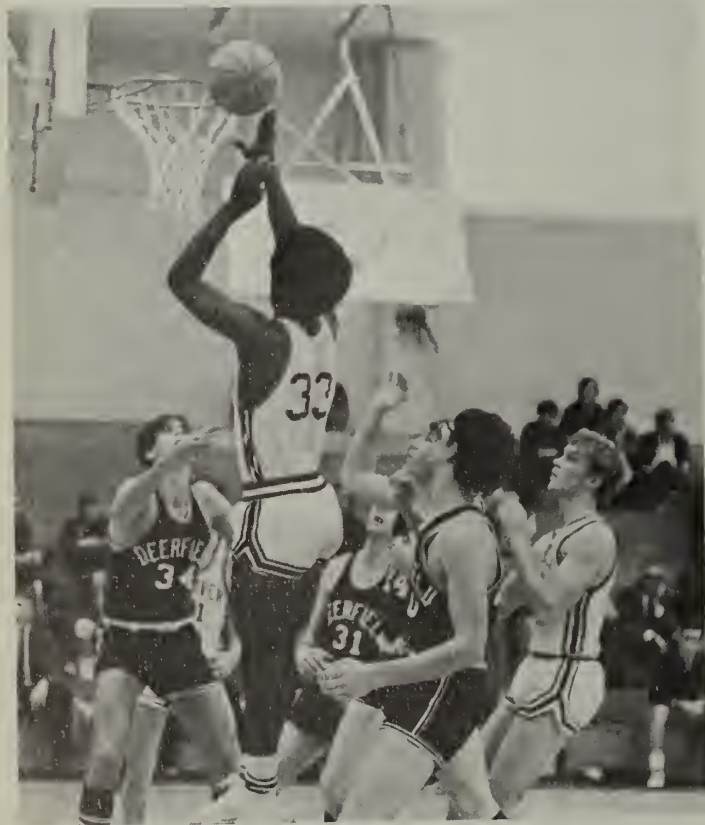






WRESTLING
INTERSCHOLASTIC
CHAMPIONS





BASKETBALL

SKIING



SQUASH

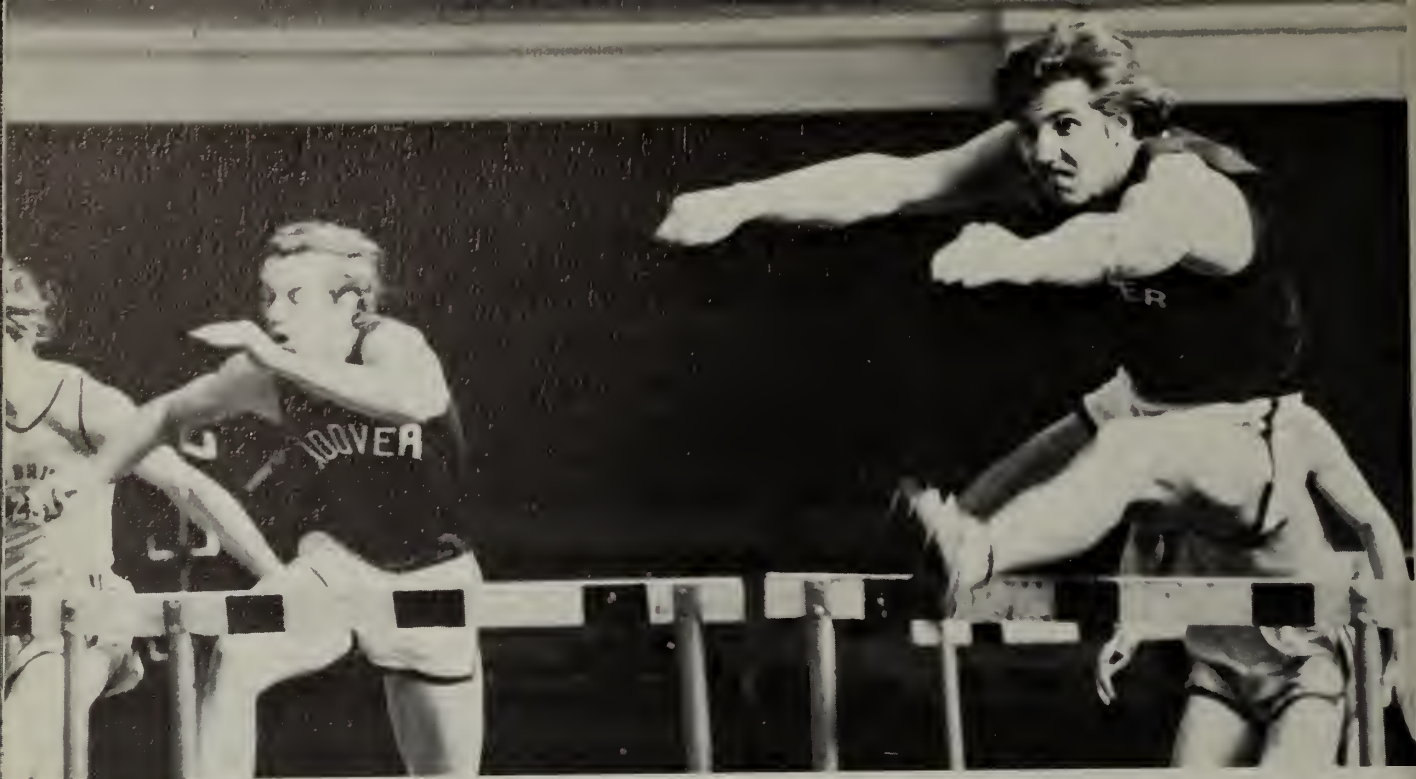
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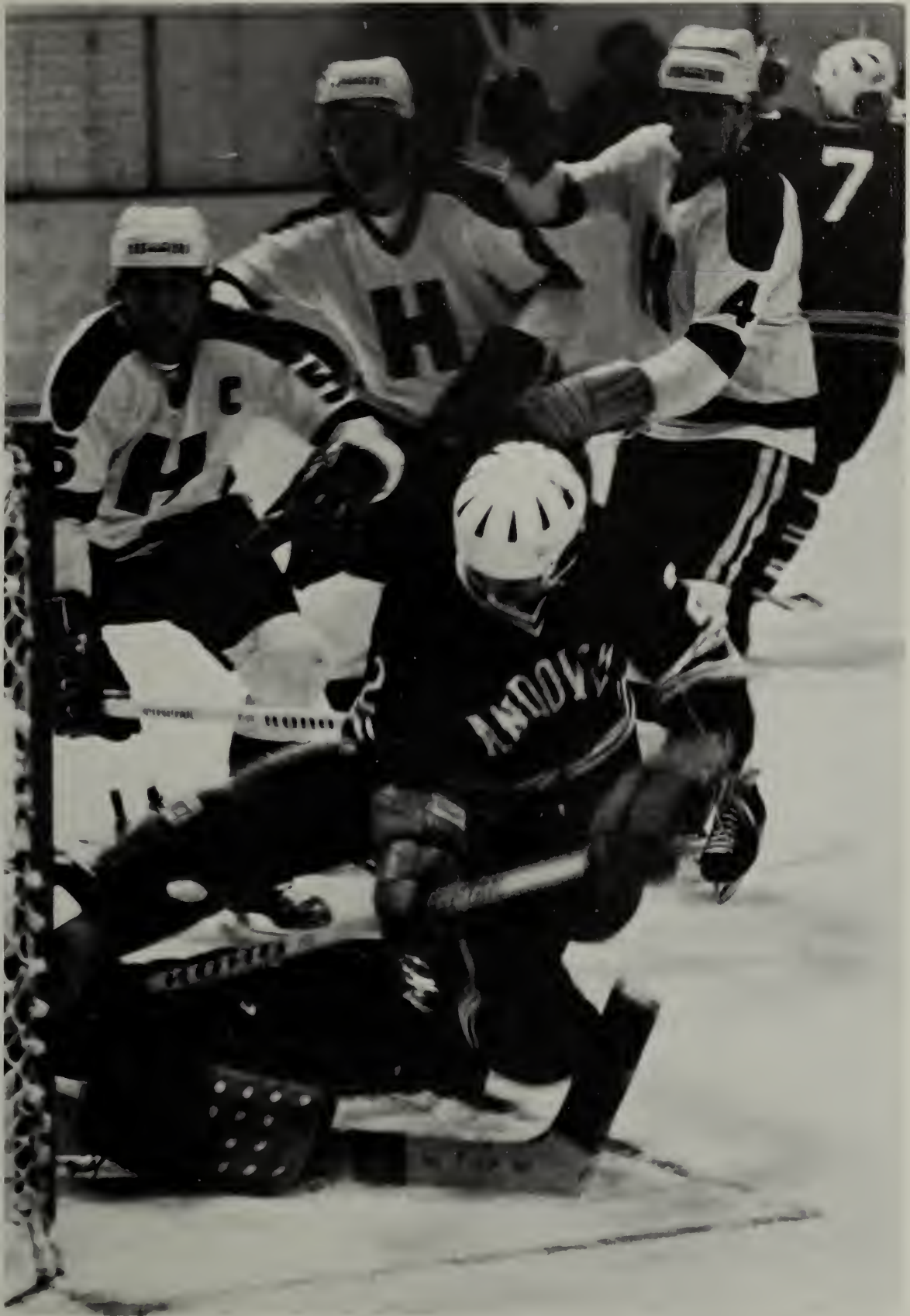
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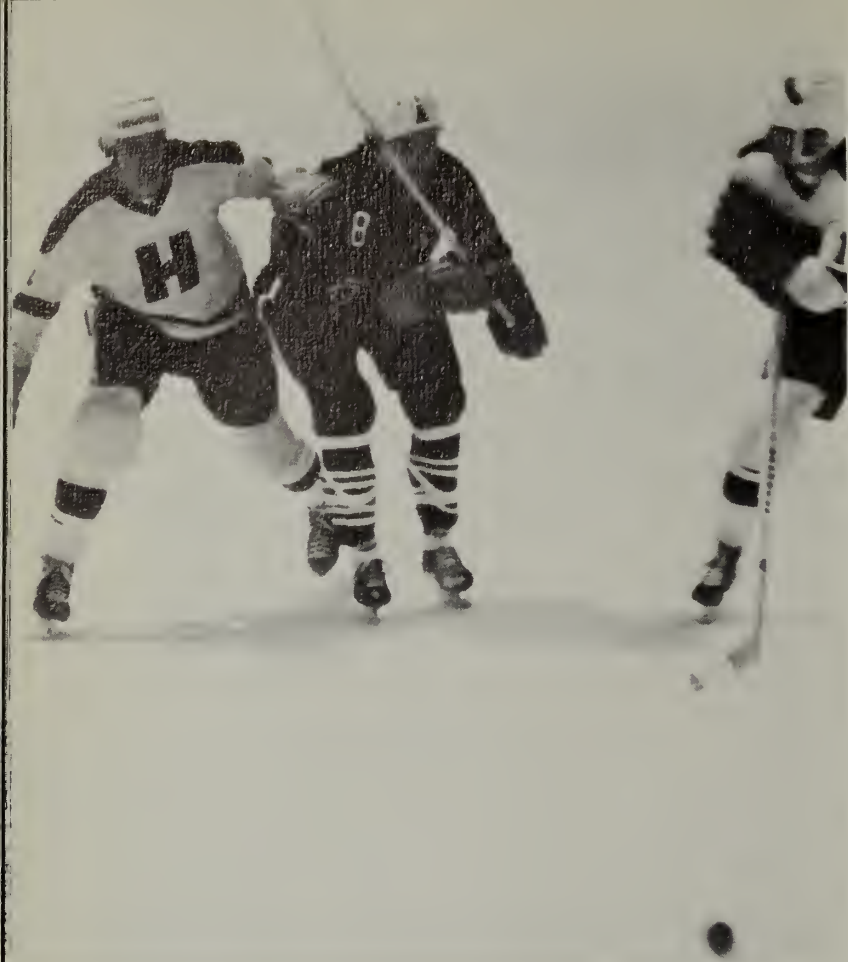




HOCKEY

NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONS











Hockey season is never over.



BASEBALL



NEW ENGLAND
CHAMPIONS





SPRING TRACK

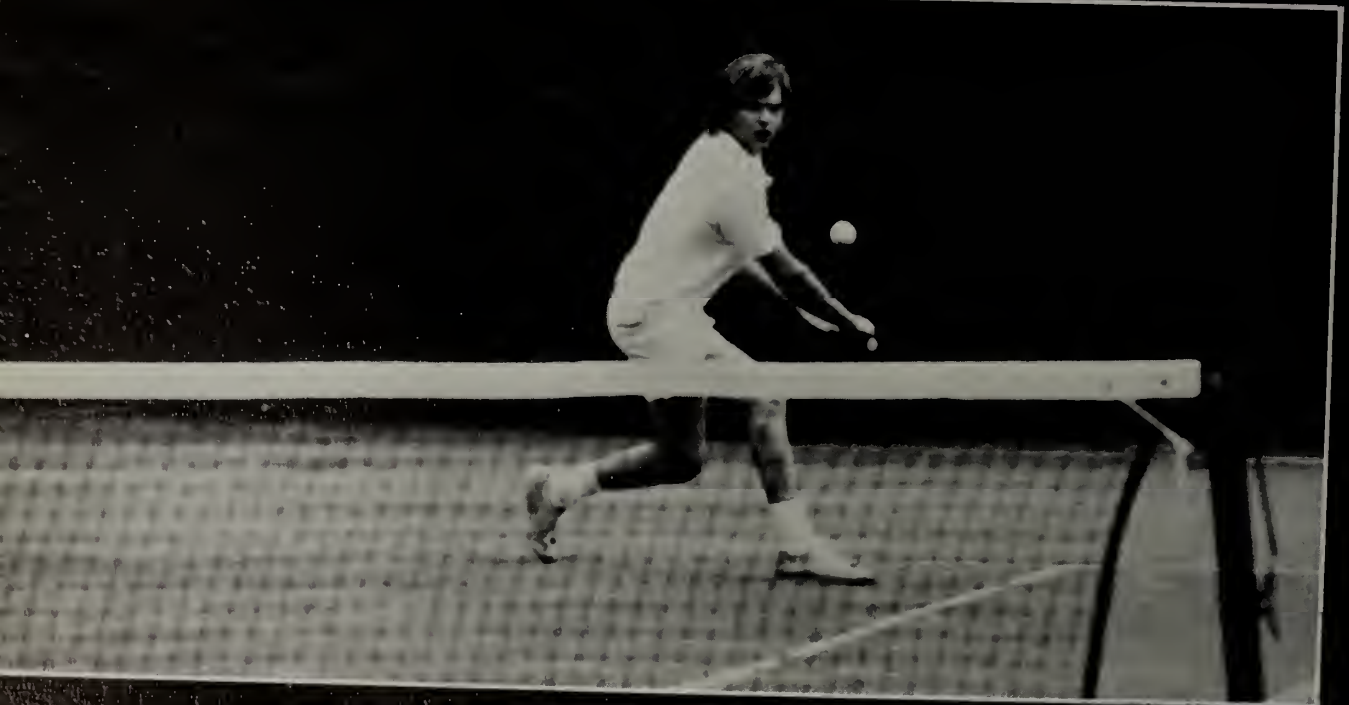


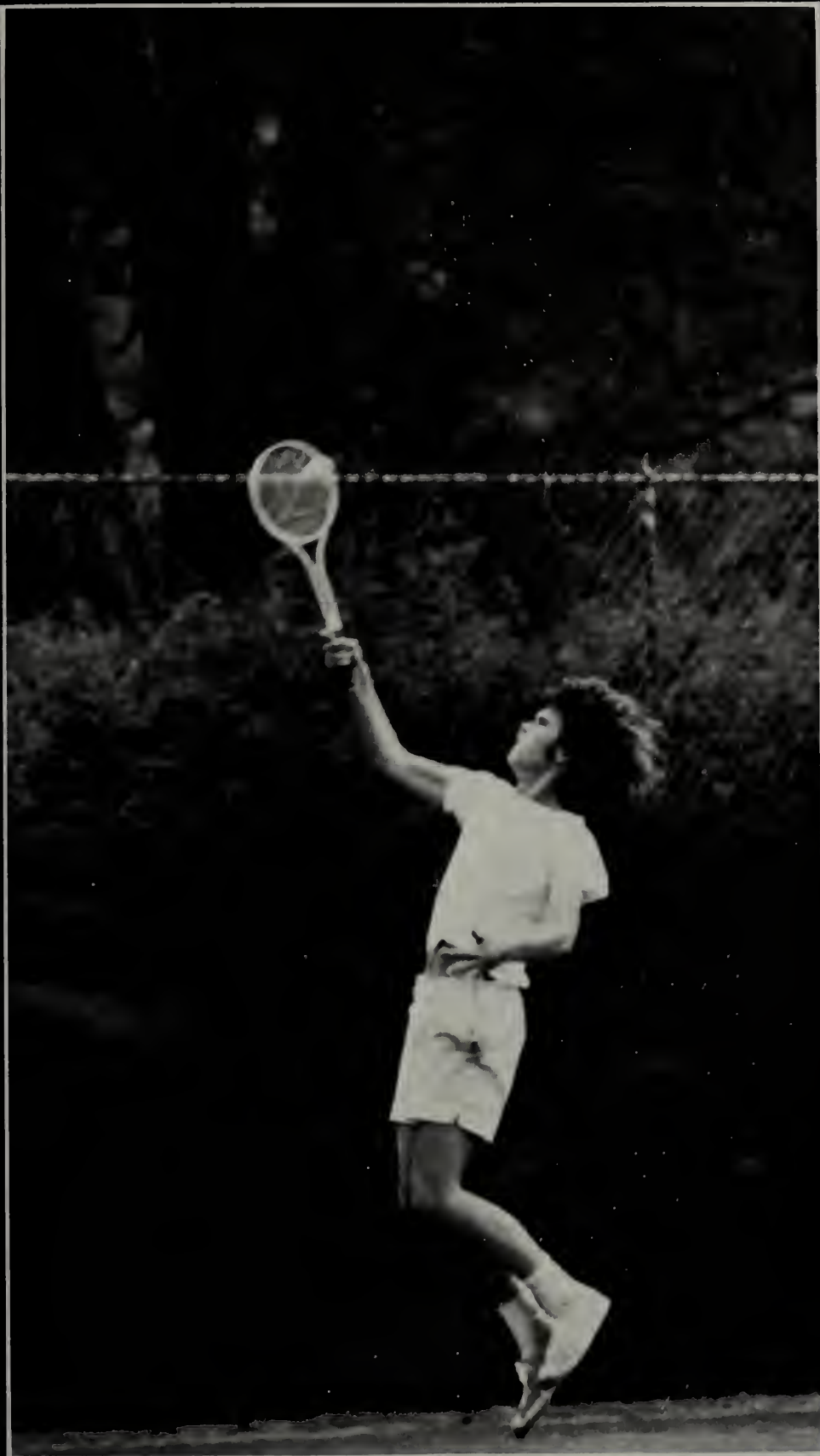


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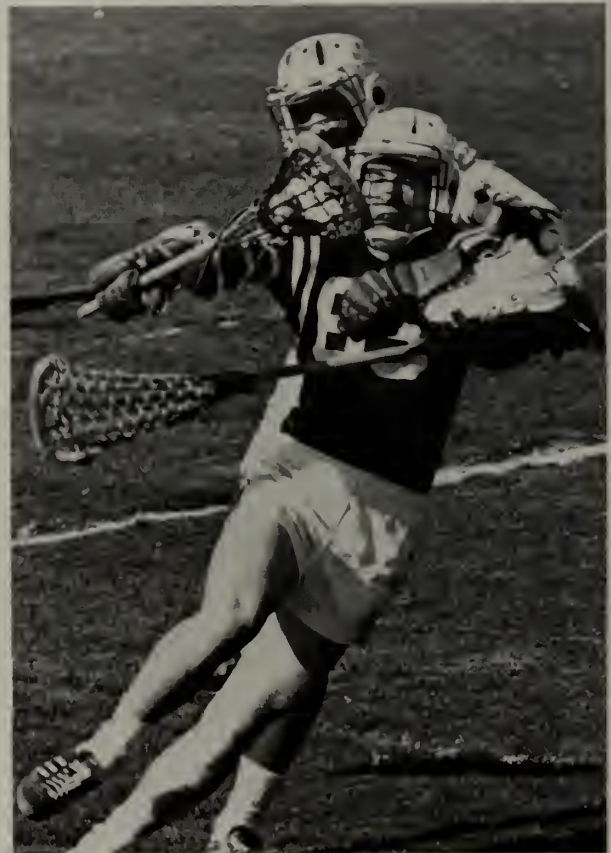
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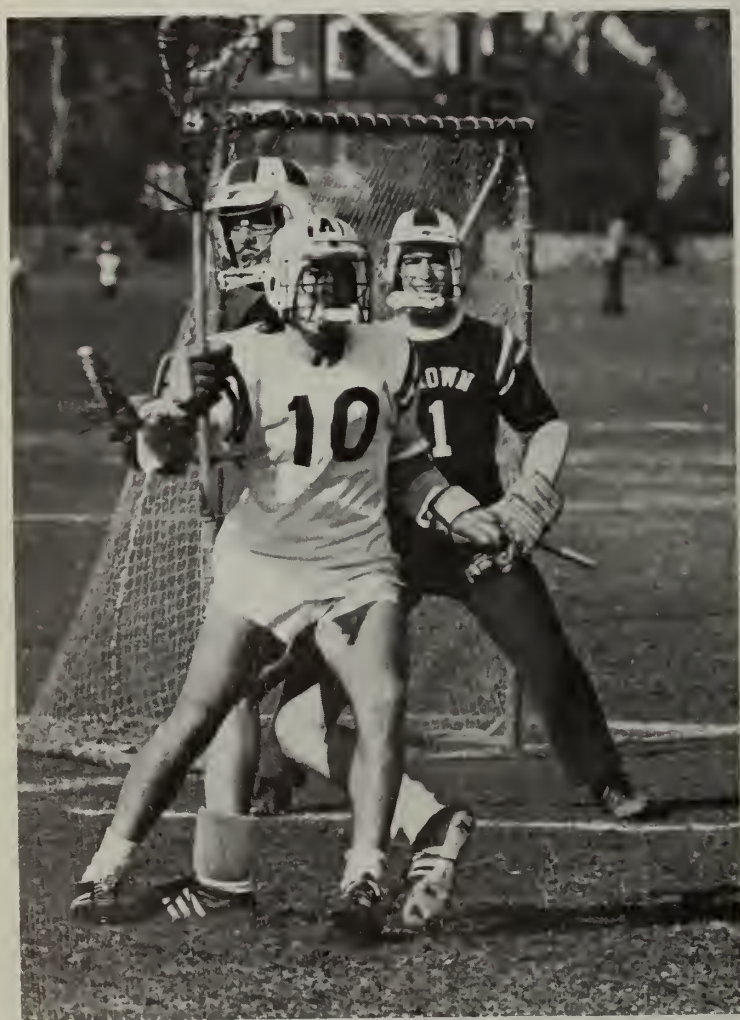


LACROSSE





NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONS





Athletics is more than undefeated teams, interwoven sweaters and interscholastic championships, more than just winning or losing.

Of course, winning is important because it's more fun and athletics is supposed to be fun. Besides, if you're good enough to win, you ought to win to be doing your best. Sometimes you can give very little and still win, but it just isn't as good as winning a close game into which you've put a lot of what athletics is about, but not necessarily in an egotistic way. If you let yourself down, you let others down as well. An interesting conflict arises in athletics between self interest and team interest. How do you feel if you played well but the team lost? or you played badly but the team won?

Self-discipline is an important and meaningful thing in athletics because the goal is one you want to attain rather than one forced on you by a requirement. The goals you set for yourself often seem to demand the most sacrifice.

Using your body is important, too. There's nothing like feeling good and strong and really wanting to run and run.

Most important, athletics opens you up to other people. It provides a common ground for communication, a natural way of breaking down barriers. Feelings are spontaneous and honest, free of intellectual facades. The way Andover is set up, you can learn more about people on an athletic field than in a classroom.

When you look back at Andover athletics, what you will remember will be the guys you played with and the coaches you played under, not the championships and letter sweaters.

Stephen Sherrill









It was easy not to see beyond our ivy walls. At times it was too pleasant inside. At times there was too much else to worry about, like colleges and diplomas. At times some of us just didn't care.

But more and more as the year progressed, we went out and met the world as it is. More and more we brought some of the larger world into our own.







It was a good idea and by no means a failure, but the big names didn't show and the rain dampened fair weather spirits. I guess it just proved that we had about the same interest in local politicians as they had in us.

As the year progressed, it was the larger issues which drew real interest.



Coffin, Gregory, Zinn, and others. Expanding political awareness and controversy. The Committee of Responsibility for War Burned Children. Demonstrations in Washington and Boston. Arrests. And finally Anti-War Week.





Harvest Poem

This morning it was lovely in the dawn
to walk a furrow built of finger and crook
back, hands that hew, my plowed field and buffalo

the damp of last night's rain intricate
on the sod below my wife in sleep
the air light above as I crawl up out of thatch

to greet Brother Sun
to run a cold hand over the buffalo snout
to sow the spring rice into the intricate earth

on the mud behind my water buffalo
afraid that he would twist and cut
a leg on the plow's sharp blade

far away a war bird is passing
to rub the sky and stain the meadow
to stretch a dark shadow across uncut brush

now jump over hill flying shadow
where my grandfather planted rice
this bird singing that song and my buffalo lifts his head

and I lift my head for the fast bird
is burning my straight lines of rice
so savage this bird and its dropping

untamed with black wings in tight
unto the reddish swamps where my father
built his dams and shut in his water

a song for my hut in flames
and I must bow my head
to tighten my fingers on the plow

for the skin of the buffalo is burnt
as the shriek of the bird has made him jump
as the rice is burnt, my fear

as the water flows hot about her form
never to run from the ashen frame of thatch
thatch caught unaware in sleep, this the fifth month

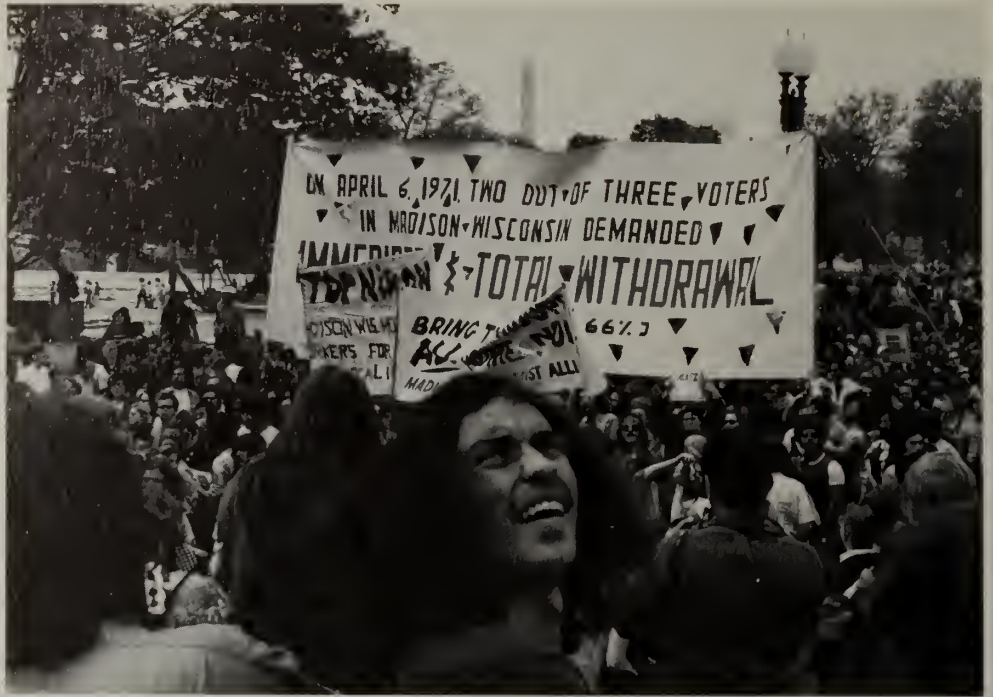
and water that runs from broken furrows
to wash her still form
to wash her ashen form

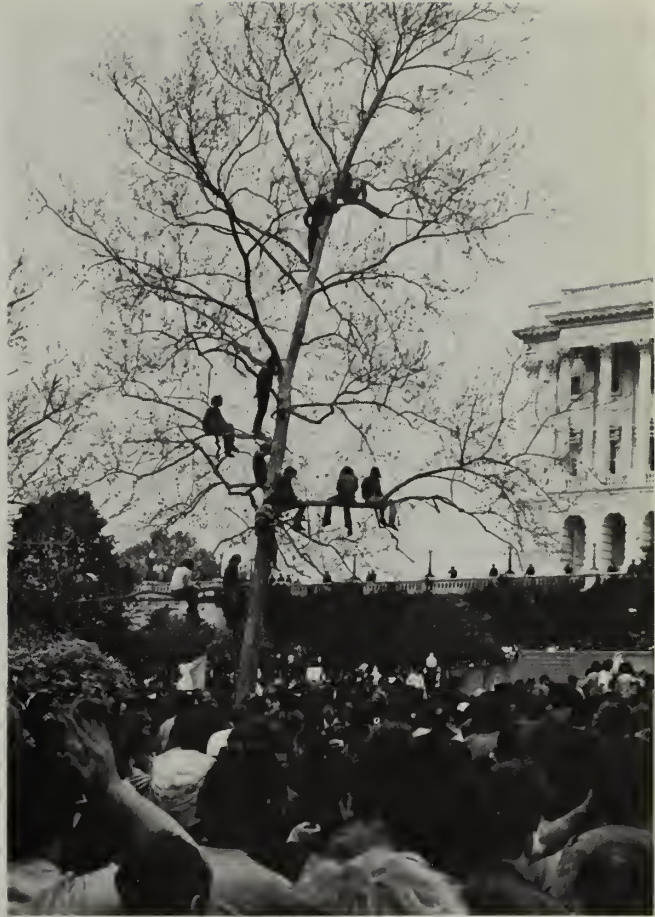
bird you have found me —
so quiet, no breeze tonight
this the fifth month of the harvest.

— Pierce Rafferty



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Violate all irregular flowers

the dog tooth violet
violate all with extreme care
intense irregular colored petals

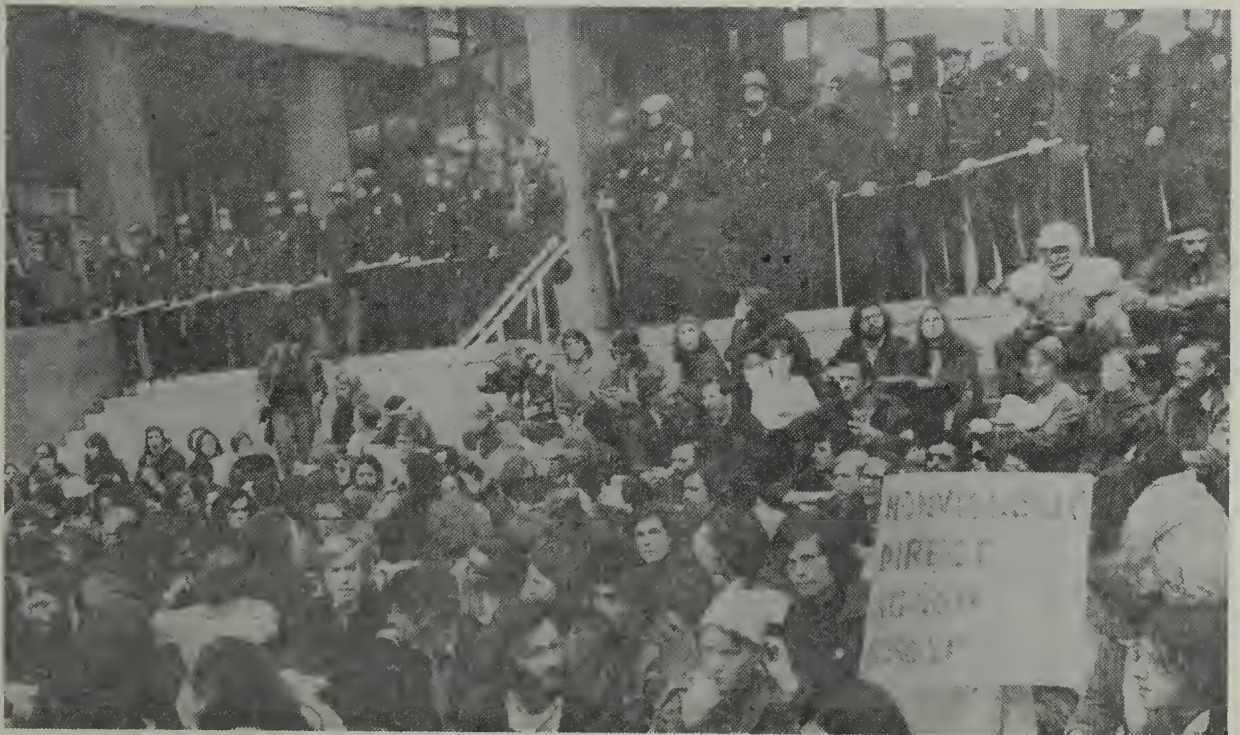
violate them all (herbs and subshrubs)
any of various low growing weeds
of the genus viola

having beat irregular flowers
reddish blue in hue
purplish blue in hue

the dog tooth violence
purplish blue in hue
reddish blue in hue

wounded irregular flower
the blood on the tar, is vile
the blood on the tar, is violet

Pierce Rafferty



Possibly too much has already been said this year about Andover and its future, for me, after only five months at the school, to add yet another opinion; but five months have left me with some definite impressions which I offer here in good faith, humbly and hopefully constructively.

I was deeply surprised at the self-preoccupation of many students at Andover, their overall lack of political and social awareness, and their isolation from any sense of social responsibility. At present the academic structure and the values of the school tend to perpetuate rather than improve this situation. For too many, education at Andover is not a broadening experience, but a narrowing, self-indulgent one.

Education is, or should be, more than four years spent enjoying the school's excellent facilities, toying with stereos, canning a good graduation present, playing on one of the unbeatable varsity teams, and getting into a good college. Not that these things are wrong, far from it; but in view of the increasing responsibilities being heaped on each successive graduating generation they play too large a part in school life and if anything discourage moral selflessness and a sense of social duty — both of which America urgently needs.

What is to be done? I believe a start is being made by the Curriculum Committee. Put social action, be it Vista, hospital work, work in drug rehabilitation centers, or whatever, at the center of the curriculum. If education can achieve nothing else let it at least impress on the students that social duty is not an extracurricular activity — after that, much has to be played by ear. But Andover somehow must try to make its students realize that life is not all fun and games, nor is it an excuse for self-indulgently doing nothing because the odds look too steep. It must educate its students for honest, selfless, constructive action, and to do this it must, with all the magnanimity which becomes so good a school, silence the cries of "Win! Win! . . . Great! Great!", and stop talking of what Andover can do for the student and the student for Andover, but what both should be doing for many millions of people who need help — and that goes beyond talking. The students are there, the potential is there, and so too, I hope, are the beginnings of change.

Charles Hyde
English Speaking Union

Look well to this day! For it is life,
The very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the verities
And realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well-lived,
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

— from the Sanskrit



HEATH ALLEN



ERNIE ADAMS

TRIP ANDERSON





DEOLIS ALLEN



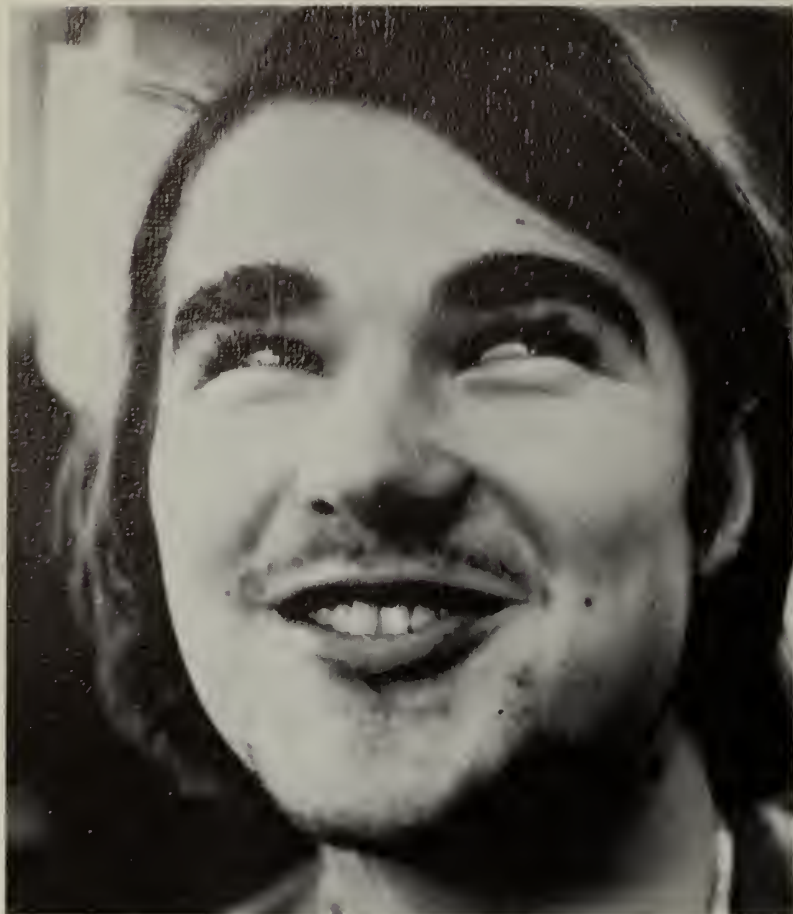
DAVE ANDREWS



JIM ABRAMS



PERRY BABB



JAMES BAKKER



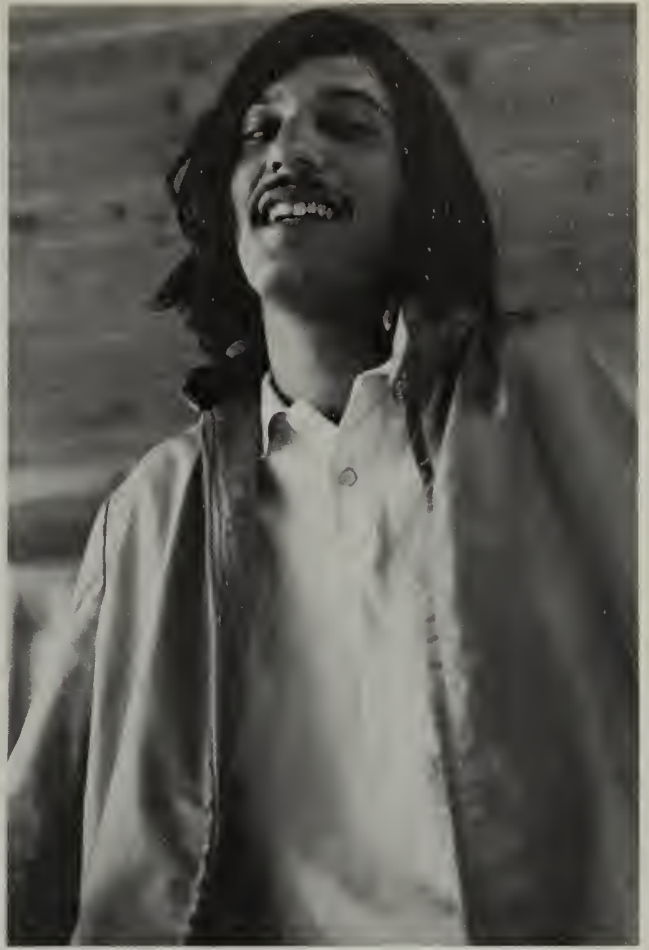
IAN BALFOUR



WELDON BAIRD



VERNON BARKSDALE



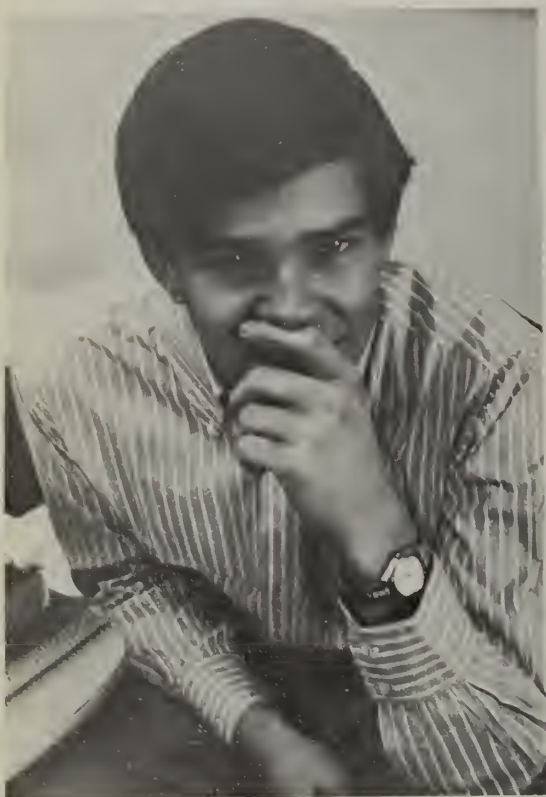
BRIAN BALOGH



BILL BAUMAN



BILL BELICHICK



WOODY BENNETT



KIM BEN-SALAHUDDIN



GREG BIGWOOD



PETER BENSLEY



TOM BOLLES



EVAN BONDS



TIM BLACK



PETER BLASIER



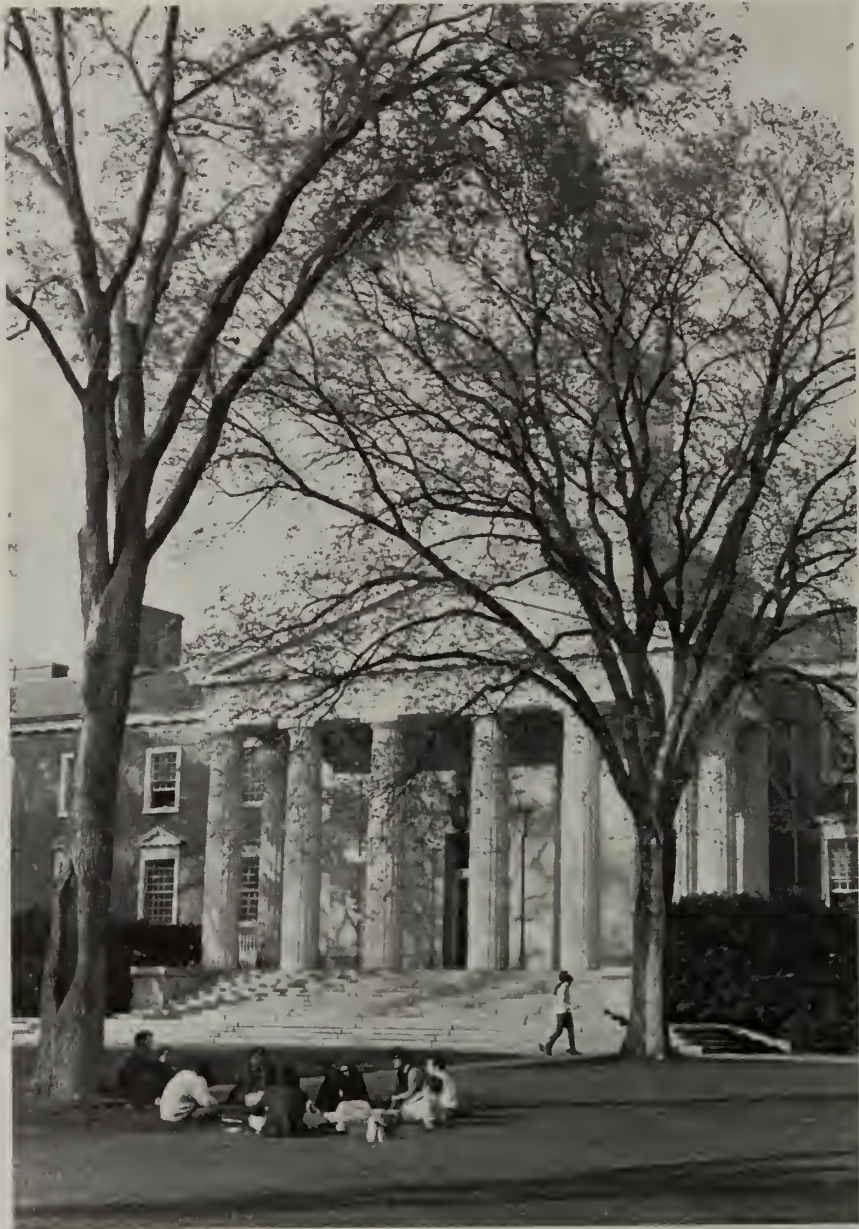
BOB BIANCHI



CHRIS BRESCIA



ANDY BRIDGES



What the Academy must work towards is the creation of a learning community. The function of a school is to facilitate learning; learning is a process of interaction and change. It is a continuous process, occurring both inside and outside the classroom. Such a community must be dedicated to various aspects of learning, whether it be the gaining of maturity, the maintenance of academic requirements, or the building of an elementary school playground. It must be a community where equality, honesty, and naturalness are the rule, not the exception. Such a community would provide for free and open exchange of thoughts and ideas, and would accent learning as a total experience, not something that happens in a classroom for a few hours every day.

David Lipsey



LUIS BUHLER



CLEVE BURTON



DOUG BUXTON



GROVER BURTHEY



VIN BRODERICK



GREG BUTLER

JEB BUSH



MIKE CARLISLE



EDDIE BURNS



LAWRY BUMP



GIL CAFFRAY



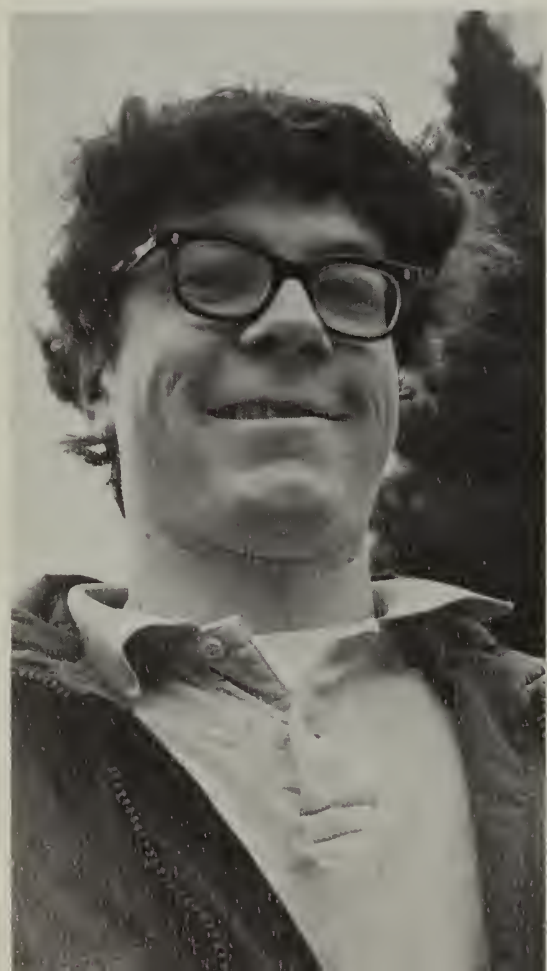
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DANNY CAHN



ANDY CAVERLY



JAY CARROLL



DICK CASHIN



TOM CHAMBERLIN



LINC CHAFFEE



RANDY CERF



ED COGLAN



HARRY CHANDLER



ALEC CHESSMAN



JIM COBB



MARC CHANDGIE



DREW CHENEY



DAVE DANNER



TOM DEMELLO

DAVE CUTHELL





STEWART CRONE

SAM COLEMAN

ETAHN COHEN





What we are asking for are all practical implementations stemming from belief in individual freedom of decision, liberty, and will; that respect and mutual appreciation between faculty and students will occur only after each group has the ability to exercise responsibility on its own, both in the sphere of academics and the sphere of interpersonal behavior; that education, ideally a search for truth through honest interplay of thoughts and ideas, can be accomplished in a candid and sincere manner only when the groups involved in that intercourse communicate on an equal and concerned basis.

— from a petition presented to the Deans

We must find a way to give the students of Phillips Academy a democratic experience lest they never learn its nature or art, lest they desert its best procedure and opt for clever maneuver and confrontation, or lest they simply become authoritarians caring more for what is done than how it is done.

James Bunnell



CARL DINES



ED DONOVAN



PETER DEWITT



CHRIS DUBLE



FRANK duPONT



WEBSTER DOVE



PETER EDEN



TOM EARTHMAN



JAMESON FRENCH



BILL ENRIGHT



DAVE ENNIS



STRATIAS FLANGAS



WADE EMERY



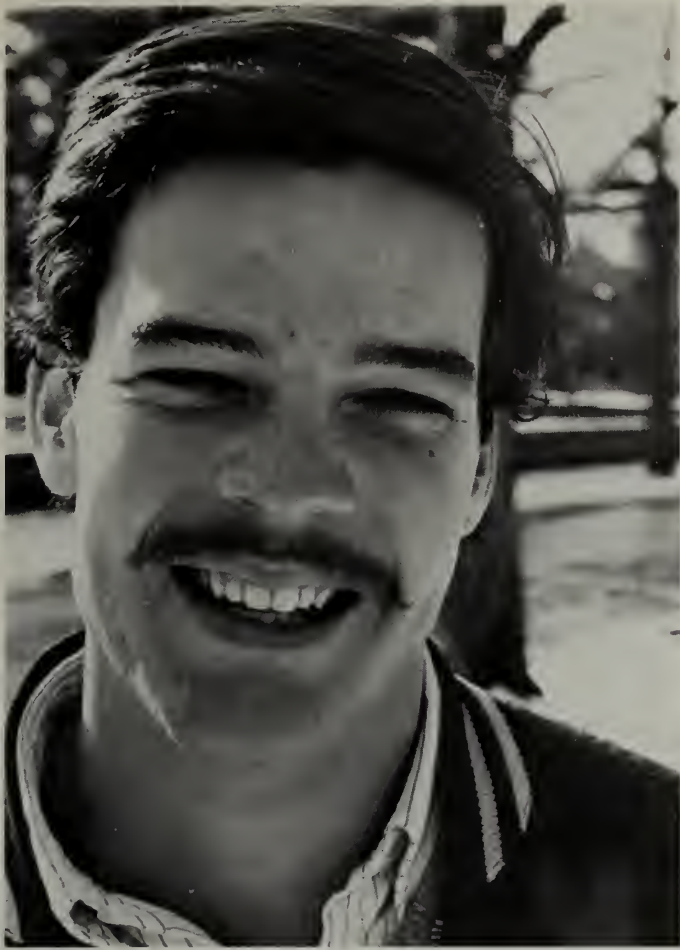
JIM FARNHAM



PAUL FINNEGAN



PAUL FINN



TOM FOLEY



GEOFF FOISIE



BILL GARDNER



CHRIS GARDELLA

BOB FRISBIE





JEFF GARRITY



TIM GAY



NILS FINNE



JOE GARRIE



Andover has helped me to become a better person, something I value more than anything else. I've been deeply affected by some of the people, skills, and ideas I've encountered here. P.A. has been my "coming out", has helped me find the direction I think I'd like to move in. Andover will continue to be remembered by me as the place I learned both to understand new ideas and to hate old ones.

Tim Black

We are the last of the generation of black students to come from the black community to a white school seeking blackness in white. We are the ones who, wearing army jackets, and quoting Huey, end up in a very structured white world. We are the ones who move into a contradiction every three months from a black world into a world that is integrated under white leadership, where we are black because we listen to Booker T. and because the posters on the wall say the same thing.

Phillips Academy is representative of ruling America that takes black and makes it as much of its own as History 40. This transition is the same one that hit Wall Street when it found out how to say that there were black, thrifty policemen saving at the Boston Five: the fairly comfortable, liberal idea that black is as American as cherry pie (I too am an American).

Dudley Seaton

"How does it feel to be the only black teacher at PA?" The question doesn't bother me, the fact doesn't bother me. It's been a regular thing for me during my life since high school. What does upset me is invariably people and their attitudes, one-way thinking, warped views, and a lack of consideration. It's not the frills and trimmings that cause misunderstanding and ill-feelings at a place like PA, but those deep differences and harmful basic assumptions that lead to the irksome coincidentals.

Warren Young



BRANTLEY GOODWIN



JOHN GILLESPIE



DOUG GLEASON



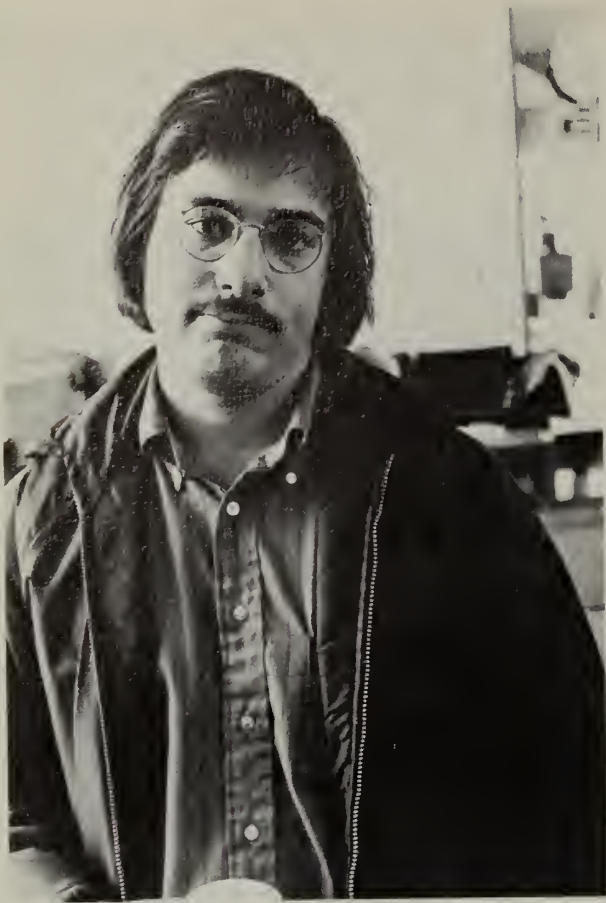
RON GORE



ANDY GORDON



DICK GORDON



MIKE GRILLO



PETER HALLEY



DAVID GRAVALLESE



DICK GRIFFIN



JON GRANT



WALTER HAYDOCK



LOUIS HARDING



GREG HAMILTON



ROB HEARNE



DICK HART



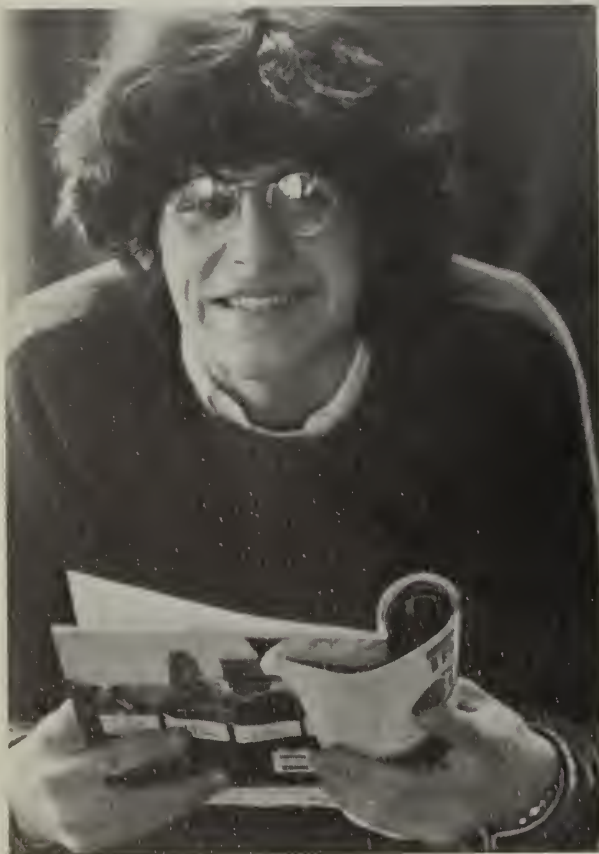
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JEFF HEDGES



PHIL HOOPER



STEVE HICKOX



FRED JOHNSON



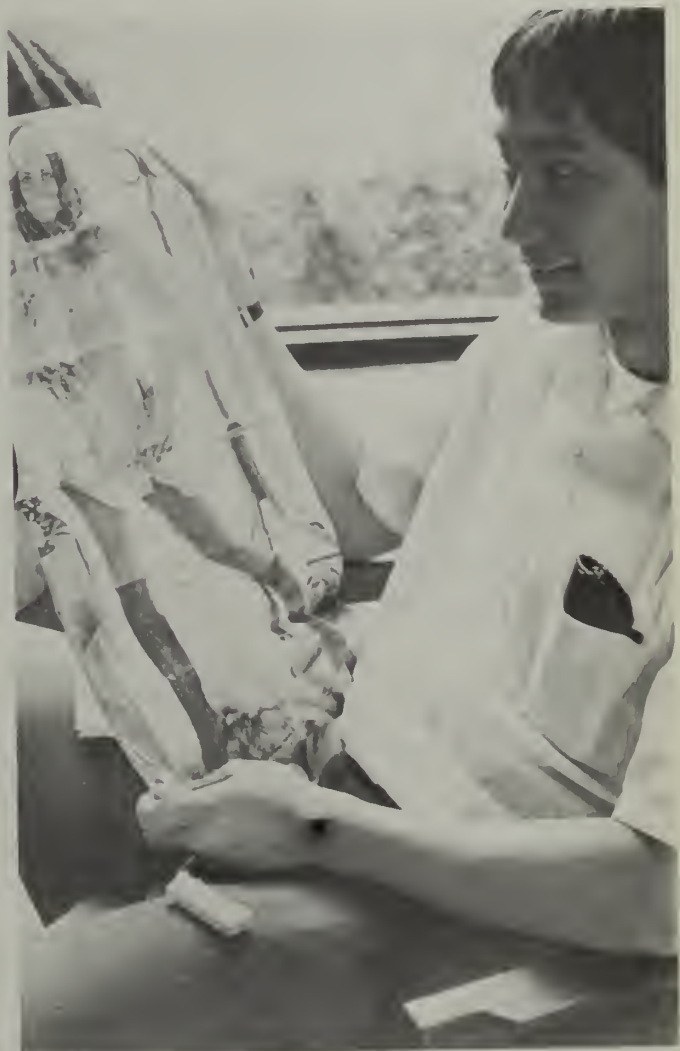
SCOTT HUGHES



DON JACKSON



MARSHALL JONES



MILT HOLT



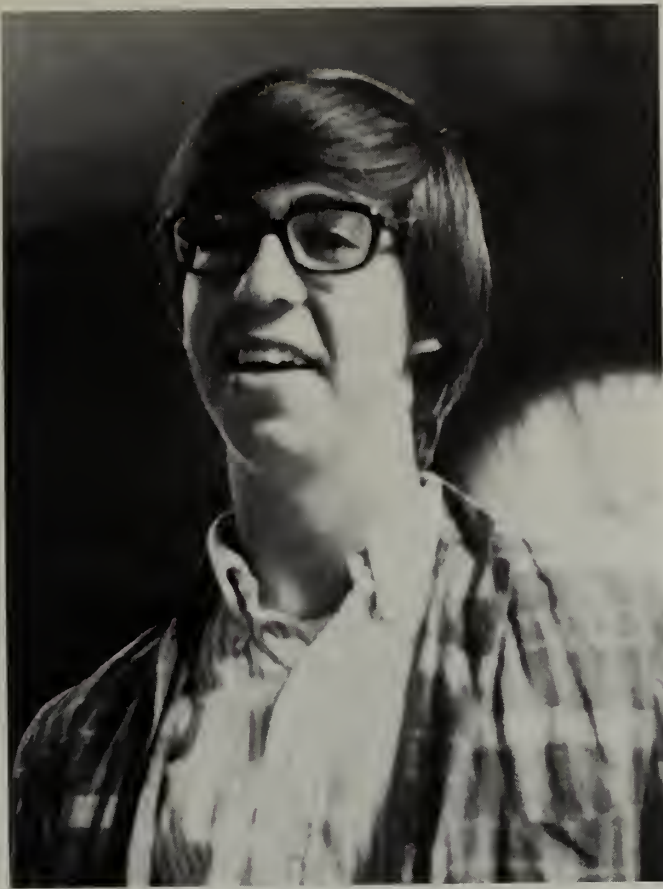
MIKE KANNAN



PHIL KANN



MIKE JONES



ART JUST



CHARLES HYDE



DENNIS JEFFERSON



As the roles of men and women become less differentiated, differentiated education loses its validity. As the model of masculinity or femininity becomes obsolete, so does the process which reflects it.

The modern partnership of adult men and women depends upon mutual respect for the abilities and qualities of the other sex, on appreciation of similarities as well as differences; and this understanding requires a sharing of experience with the other sex throughout the stages of development, throughout the years of formal education. More specifically, in a time which values the female intellect, male students must grow up with the awareness that it does indeed exist.

The separation of the sexes in secondary boarding schools is now a kind of hiatus in the normal process of growth, a period of artificial separation, discontinuous and out of harmony with the stages immediately preceding and following it. It is also at odds with the experience of all but a tiny minority of the American population, a status no longer supported by the concept of a special mode of education for a special class.

In a time of social disintegration, there is a positive value in the young people's dream of "community". This dream is not of a brotherhood or sisterhood, but of a heterosexual community, like an extended family, founded upon principles of love and respect for individual diversity. The coeducational school therefore offers the best opportunity for adults to participate in the development of an educational community of the young.

Dean of Faculty Simeon Hyde



BOB KELLY



JERRY KAYDEN



ALAN KAUFMAN



CHARLIE KEEFE



PETER KELSEY

ROGER KIMBALL





DAVE KNIGHTS



BRAD KENT



HANK KOERNER



JOE KWONG



PETER KELLOGG



KURT KUCHTA



DICK LAWRENCE



LOUIE LAMPSON



STEVE LAWRENCE



KEN LACEY



GENE LEICHT



CHIEN LEE



VAUGHAN LEE



STEVE LINDSAY



DAVE LIPSEY



JIM LOBSENZ



STANLEY LIVINGSTON



EVAN LIVADA



The game with Groton was played from three of a snappy, exhilarating afternoon far into the crisp autumnal twilight, and Amory at quarterback, exhorting in wild despair, making impossible tackles, calling signals in a voice that had diminished to a hoarse, furious whisper, yet found time to revel in the blood-stained bandage around his head, and the straining, glorious heroism of plunging, crashing bodies and aching limbs. For those minutes courage flowed like wine out of the November dusk, and he was the eternal hero, one with Roland and Horatius, Sir Nigel and Ted Coy, scraped and stripped into trim and then flung by his own will into the breach, beating back the tide, hearing from afar the thunder of cheers . . . finally bruised and weary, but still elusive, circling an end, twisting, changing pace, straight-arming . . . falling behind the Groton goal with two men on his legs, in the only touchdown of the game.

— From F. Scott Fitzgerald's

This Side of Paradise



JOHN LOMBARDI



DENNIS LOMBARDO



GEORGE LORING



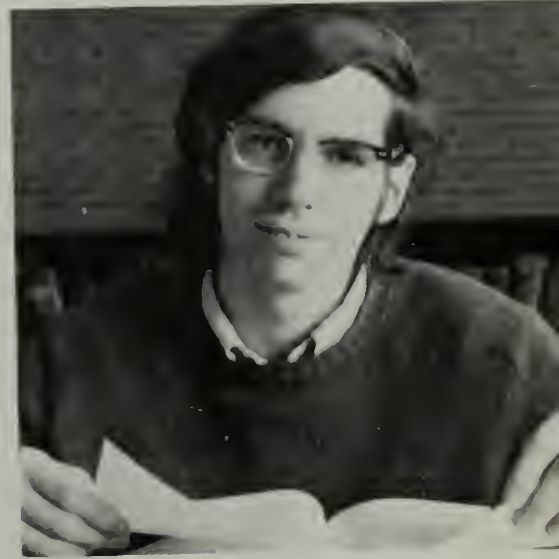
RICK McHARG



BOB McDONALD



SANDY McADAM



JOEL McBEE



DENNIS McSWEENEY



RICK McLAUGHLIN



ROB McLACHLIN



BOB MARTINEZ



GREG MESEROLE



PALACHAI MEESOOK



JOHN MALO



JOHN MESROBIAN



JOHN MINER



TED MOOK



TODD MOORE



JOHN MOON



CHRIS MOK



GARRETT MOTT



RIC MOSES



TOM MULROY



CHRIS MORLEY



WARREN MURPHY



REESE MURRAY



TIM NEVILLE



BILL MURRAY



TOM OLIVIER



CAM NIMS



LEN NUTTALL



KEVIN O'BRIEN



BUZZ OLSON



DAVE OAKES



. . . I wonder who
Will be the last, the very last, to seek
This place for what it was; one of the crew
That tap and jot and know what rood-lofts were?
Some ruin-bibber, randy for antique,
Or Christmas-addict, counting on a whiff
Of gown-and-bands and organ-pipes and myrrh?
Or will he be my representative,

Bored, uninformed, knowing the ghostly silt
Dispersed, yet tending to this cross of ground
Through suburb scrub because it held unspilt
So long and equably what since is found
Only in separation — marriage, and birth,
And death, and thoughts of these — for whom was built
This special shell? For, though I've no idea
What this accoutred frowsty barn is worth,
It pleases me to stand in silence here;

A serious house on serious earth it is,
In whose blent air all our compulsions meet,
Are recognised, and robed as destinies.
And that much never can be obsolete,
Since someone will forever be surprising
A hunger in himself to be more serious,
And gravitating with it to this ground,
Which, he once heard, was proper to grow wise in,
If only that so many dead lie around.

— from "Church Going" by
Edward Larkin



JIM PARKER



JEFF OTTIE



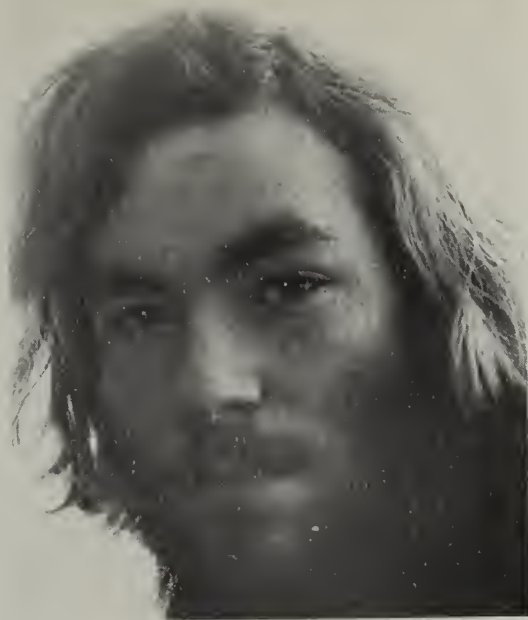
DICK PAUK



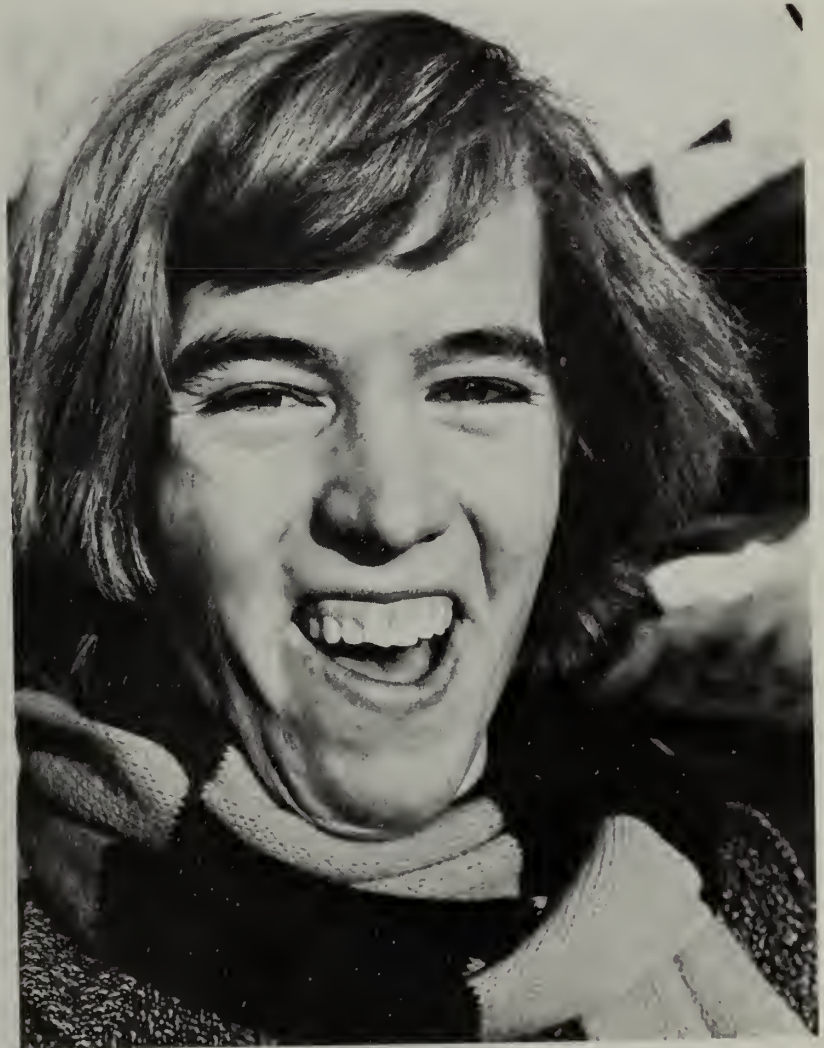
LES OSE



LUIS PASOS



SCOTT PAGE



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JOHN PEARSON



PETER PIZZI



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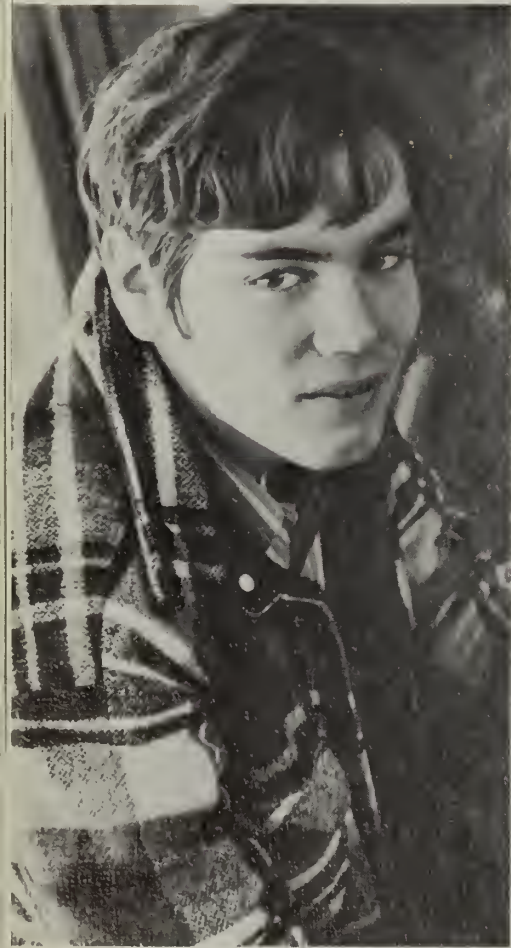


STEVE PELLETIER





MIKE PROPPER



DOUG POST



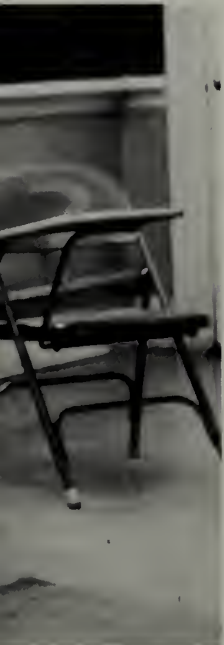
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RICK PRELINGER



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WILL REES



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ALAN RAMEY



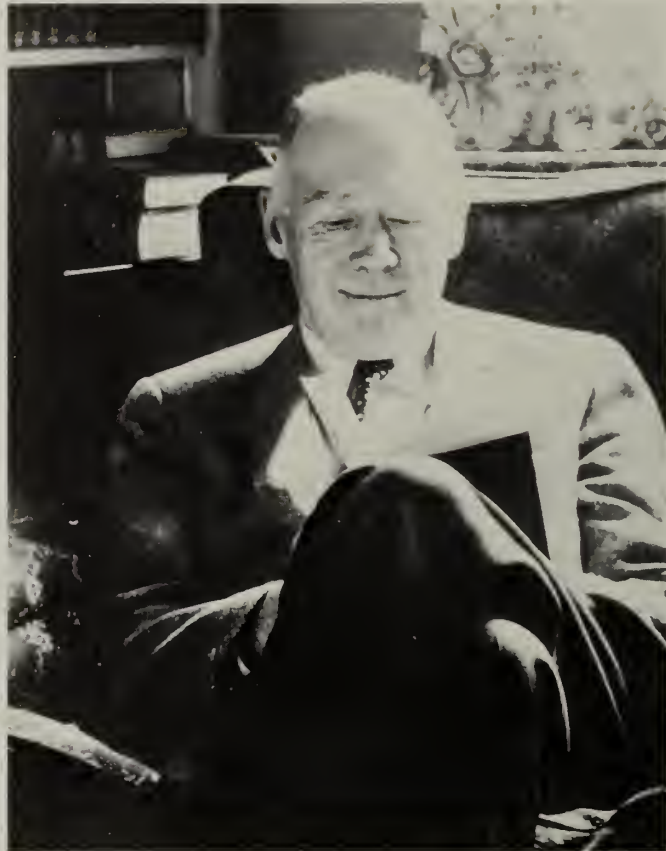
TERRY RICHARDSON



STU RICKEY



JEFF RHEINHARDT

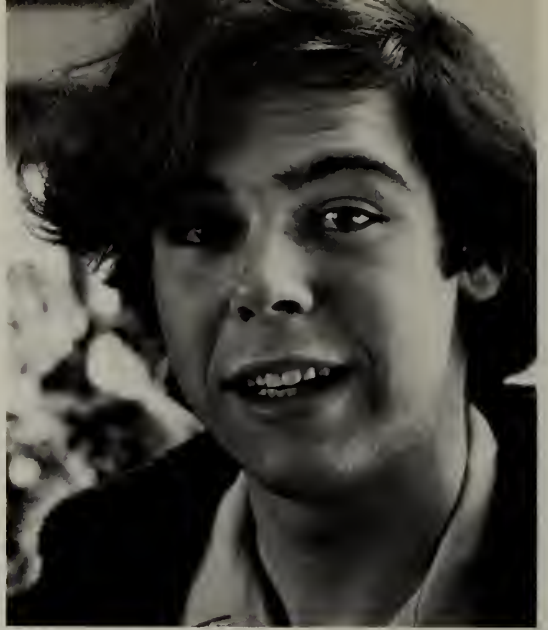


An era passes.

He showed us beauty and peace in the pure mind, and hope for the world in intellectual endeavor. He gave us a vision of the ideal in contemplation and study, in transcending the reality to which we are so tied.

Caught in conflict and flux we could not grasp the vision as he did. Too attached to visceral life, we abandoned the purity and serenity he embodied. To us the world was too immediate, too intimate, and too appealing.

Admire his purity and our vigor and hope to combine the two.



GEOFF RIVINIUS



DARRYL ROBINSON



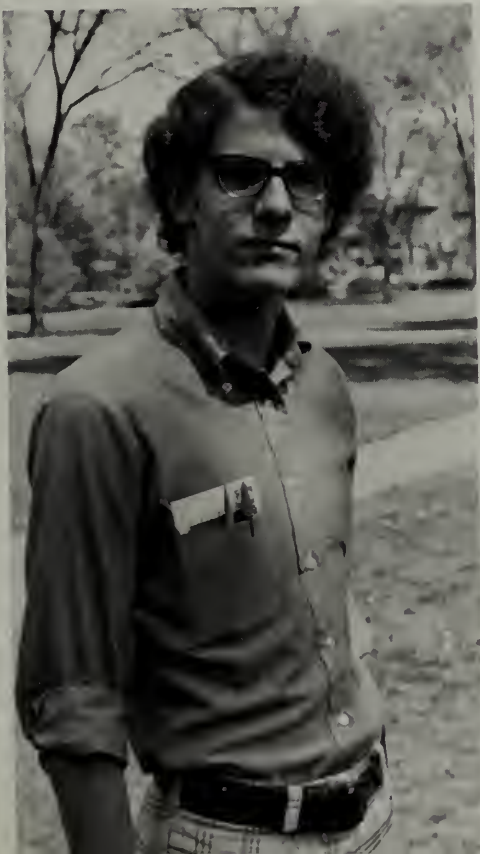
WILLIE ROBY



JEFF ROSEN



JON ROHRER



RICK ROLL



JEREMY ROSS



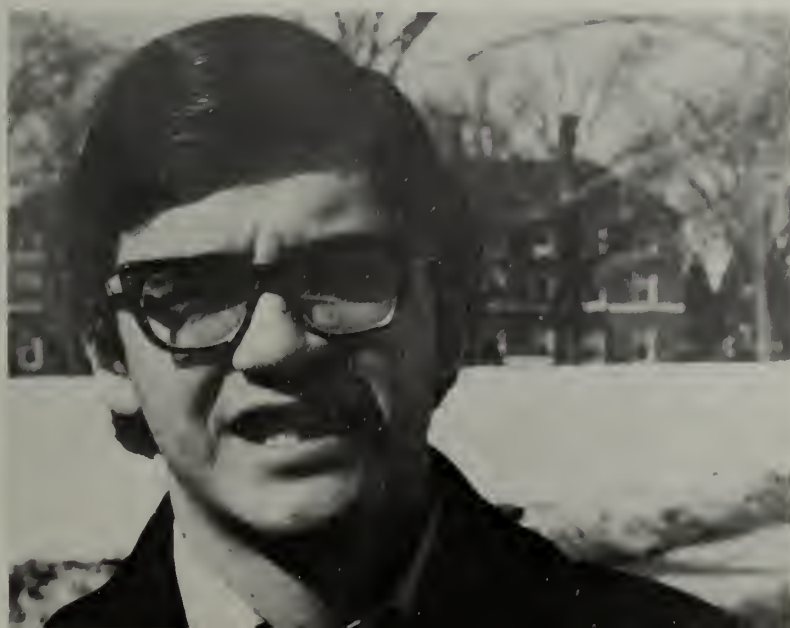
TRIP ROYCE



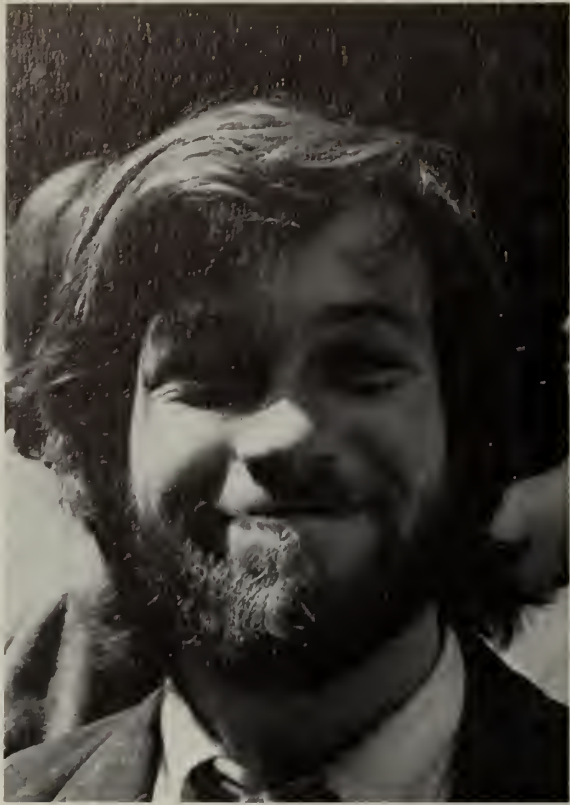
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DAVID SAMSON



DUDLEY SEATON



BRYANT SEAMAN



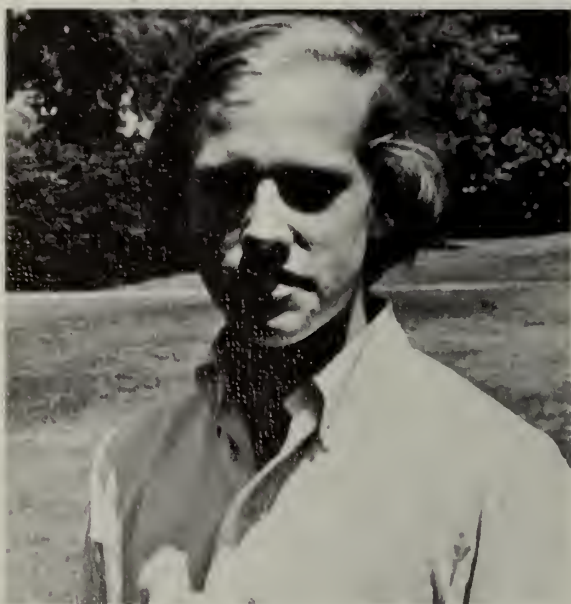
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JOHN SCHMITZ



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JOHN SILICIANO



CHRIS SNOW



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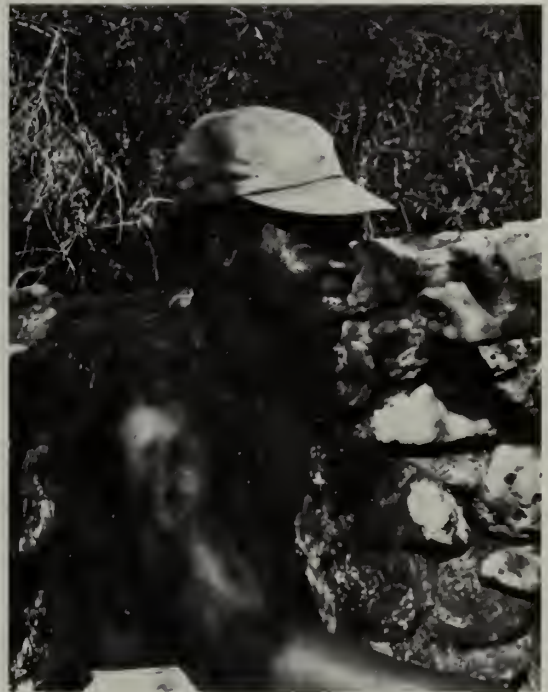
LINC SMITH



PAUL STERNBERG



MAC STEVENSON



JIM SPRUEL



. . . I made the discovery that I was not only a Castalian, but also a man; that the world, the whole world, concerned me and exerted certain claims on me. Needs, wishes, demands, and obligations arose out of this discovery, but I was in no position to meet any of them. Life in the world, as the Castalian sees it, is something backward and inferior, a life of disorder and crudity, of passions and distractions, devoid of all that is beautiful or desirable. But the world and its life was in fact infinitely vaster and richer than the notions a Castalian has of it; it was full of change, history, struggles and eternally new beginnings. It might be chaotic, but it was the home and native soil of all destinies, all exaltations, all arts, all humanity; it had produced languages, peoples, governments, cultures; it had also produced us and our Castalia and would see all these things perish again, and yet survive. My teacher had kindled in me a love for this world which was forever growing and seeking nourishment. But in Castalia there was nothing to nourish it. Here we were outside of the world; we ourselves were a small, perfect world, but one no longer changing, no longer growing.

— from Hermann Hesse's *Magister Ludi*

Andover can not be an isolated educational community. Too little of what we need to learn today can be taught in a classroom alone.

Already there is February Week, the New School, Community Service, the Gloucester and South End Projects, the Lawrence Tutoring Program, Man and Society, Search and Rescue, and School Year Abroad.

Soon, we hope, there will be a wilderness campus and an urban one.





PAUL TESSIER



JEFF THERMOND



JEFF TACCONI

JUAN TAVARES





KEVIN THREADGOLD



HARRIS TODD



HARRY TRACY



SETH WALWORTH



BRUCE VICTOR



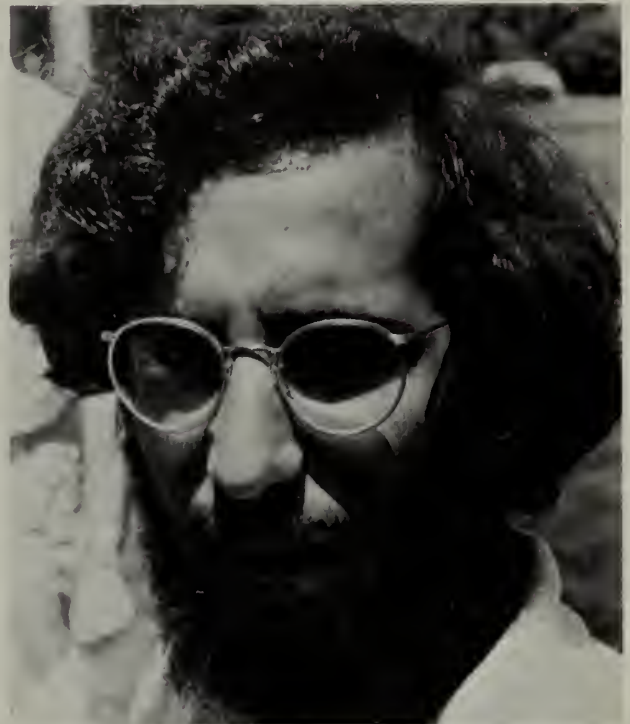
ROBIN WAGNER



SAM WALKER



ETHAN WARREN



BOB WANDER



FRED WATERMAN



AL WELLJAMS-DOROF



STEVE WEINER



CHUCK WILLIAMS



ANDY WILLIAMS



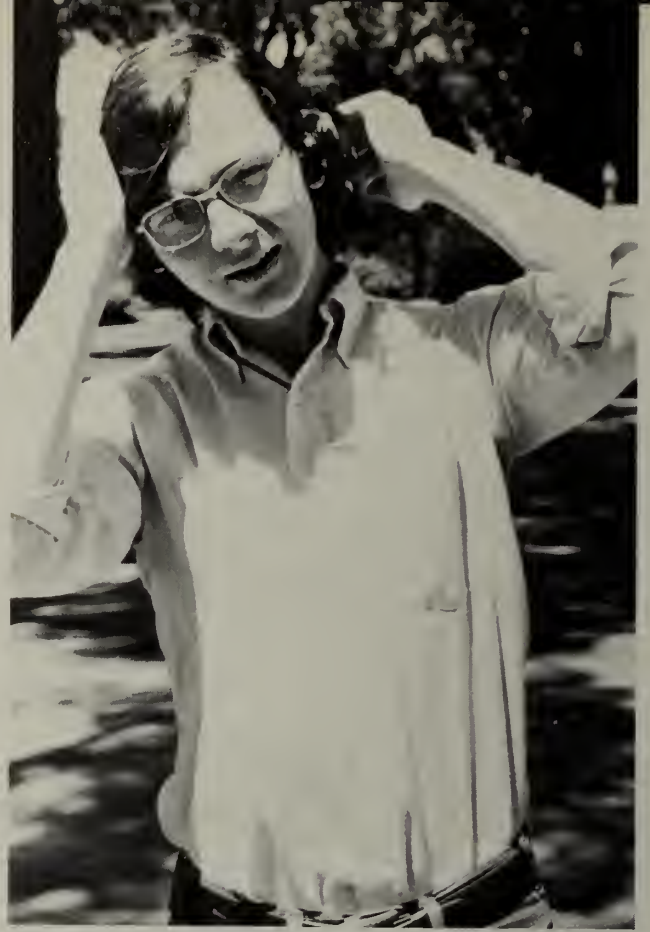
ROBERT WESCHLER



DOUG WHAM



DOUG WOLFE



PAUL WINTERS



DAVE WINTON



CHAIYA WONGKRAJANG



GREG ZORTHIAN

VIETNAM



Last year there were 100,000 civilians wounded.
35,000 were killed outright.

We ask Americans to help us reduce the suffering of
innocent victims who are being maimed, burned, and
mutilated.

We have each built a wall
to shut out the screams of dying children:

with each new sight see no evil
with each new scream hear no evil
with each new horror silence

we must point a single, steady finger.

whether we have or not
any chance of success:

let us work to dream again
let us learn to cry again
let us shout and sing
let us sing and sing
louder, louder, LOUDER
until that wall
comes crumbling down.

— Pierce Rafferty

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 SILICIANO, JOHN ANDREW, 500 Euclid Ave.,
 Elmira, N.Y. Cornell
 SIRKIN, DAVID WINSOR, c/o American Em-
 bassy USIS, APO, N.Y. Amherst
 SMITH, JOHN HUNTINGTON, 304 Maple St.,
 Burlington, Vt. Vermont
 SMITH, LINCOLN, 133 Beach St., Cohasset,
 Mass. Amherst
 SNOW, CHRISTOPHER FORREST, Dover St.,
 RFD 4, W. Scarborough, Me. Harvard
 SPRUEL, JAMES JR., 9548 Gassie St., Baton
 Rouge, La. Howard
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 Santo Domingo, Republica Dominicana Brown
 TESSIER, PAUL ROGER, 836 Palmer Ave.,
 Falmouth, Mass. Cornell
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 Ave., Evansville, Ind. Yale
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 Ave., Newtonville, Mass. PA
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 Rd., Bowling Green, Ky. Yale
 TRACY, HARRY MERCER, Varney Rd., Dover,
 N.H. BU
 VICTOR, BRUCE SCOTT, 377 Lakewood, Bloom-
 field Hills, Mich. Chicago
 WAGNER, ROBIN, 1515 Walnut Hts. Dr., East
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 Point, N.Y. West Point
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 Canaan, Conn. Yale
 WANDER, ROBERT HENRY, 656 Las Lomas
 Ave., Pacific Palisades, Calif. Santa Cruz
 WARREN, ETHAN LYMAN, 132 A Bowen St.,
 Providence, R.I. Princeton
 WATERMAN, FREDERICK WATERS IV, Sea
 View Ave., Wianno, Mass. Johns Hopkins

WEINER, STEPHEN BROOKS, 276 S. Main St.,
Andover, Mass. Princeton
WELLJAMS-DOROF, ALFRED BURKHARDT,
404 Broad St., Bloomfield, New Jersey Harvard
WESCHLER, ROBERT MILTON, 17335 Gil-
more St., Van Nuys, Calif. Santa Cruz
WHAM, WILLIAM DOUGLAS, 15 Calumet Rd.,
Centralia, Illinois Yale
WILLIAMS, ANDREW HAMILTON, 179 Over-
look Dr., Springfield, Mass. Yale
WILLIAMS, CHARLES CORNELIUS, 5738
Winslow St., Detroit, Mich. PA
WINTERS, PAUL RICHARD, 4 Princeton Ave.,
Andover, Mass. Undecided
WINTON, DAVID JUDSON II, 1780 Shoreline
Dr., Wayzata, Minn. Harvard
WOLFE, DOUGLAS EARLE, 14 Coventry La.,
Riverside, Conn. Johns Hopkins '72
WONGKRAJANG, CHAIYA, 5600 16th St.,
N.W., Washington, D.C. Harvard
ZORTHIAN, GREGORY JANNIG, Apt. 5G,
115 Central Park W., N.Y., N.Y. Yale





Front: Bump, Adams, Lombardo, Falangas, Anderson, Seero, McDonald, Belichick, Livingston, Lacey, Schneider. *Second:* Malo, Robinson, Lampson, Sherrill, Mulroy, Seaman, Walker, Haydock, Bonds, Cashin, Hughes. *Third:* Enwright, Earthman, Kuchta, Buxton, Hall, Bianchi, Holt, Baird, Foley, Sharp. *Fourth:* Poliquin, Brickley, Bruckmann, Lasman, Grant, Powell, McCall, Frazier, Atwood, Budge. *Top:* Wennick, Callard, Gay, Sorota.



Front: Chun, O'Brien, Martinez, Reuter, Finn, Hooper, Sachs, Moore, Olivier, Ward. *Second:* Mr. DiClemente, deCholnoky, Beaton, Russell, Gleason, Bensley, Pruden, Chandler, Sawabini, Hirschler, Weiner, Zorthian. *Top:* Billman, Bloomfield, Livada, Waterman, Gardella, Rockwell, Andrews, Pepin, Bigwood.



Front: Burton, Chambers, Burke, Wham, Westburg, Petzold, Forystek. *Top:* Mr. Sexton, Mangan, Duble, Flaherty, Wolfe, Butler, Roll, Carson, Threadgold, Marx, Mr. Kip.



Front: Johnson, Hadley, McDonald, Burton, Flaherty, Rogerson, Chambers. *2nd row:* McPeherson, Olivier, Lombardo, Kuchta, Anderson, Pepin, Murray, Cahill, Enwright, Wiesma. *Back:* Heidrich, Bonds, Pruden, McInnes, Rohrer, Wolfe, Butler, Roll, Forester, Atwood, Mr. Sorota.



Front: Graham, Chafee, Sharp, Hewitt. *2nd row:* McCall, Rosen, Frisbie, Lacey, O'Connor. *Back:* Mr. Lux, Abrams, Murray, Schneider, Haydock, Zorthian, Buhler, Sternberg.



Front: Boynton, Weiner, Olson, Warren, O'Brien, Miner, Garrity, McAdam, Ward. *Back:* Mr. Odden, Wheeler, Morin, Hacket, Burke, Bolduc, Brickley, Cregg, Mr. Harrison.



Front: Murphy, Dann, Ryan, Mesrobian, Liszt. Second: Gleason, Neville, Caffray, Sachs, Moses. Top: Schatz, Carson, Grant, Kazikas, Anderson, Standish, Mr. Sexton.



Front: Bianchi, Frazier, Waterman, Meserole, Howes, Baird, Kelley. Top: Mr. DiClemente, Hearey, Cahn, Hughes, Bruckmann, Demello.



Front: Hirschler, Griffin, Hickox, Kelsey, Finnegin, Crawford. Top: Herwitz, Jewkes, Mavor, DuBain, Greef, Smith, deCholnoky, Smith, missing Leggett.



Front: Blasier, Sherrill, duPont, Cashin, Kaplan, Chase. *Back:* Mr. Allen, Raleigh, Carlisle, Walworth, Just.



Mr. Allen, Walworth, McCracken, Darner, Finnegan, Bush, Kaplan, Raleigh, Wood, Blasier, Mr. McBee, McDermott.



Front: Schmitz, Hess, Bump, Crosby, Coyer. *Back:* Mr. Anderson, Schatz, Kazikas, Ramsey, Chase, Mr. Chivers.



Front: Bigwood, Lacey, Pepin, Bianchi, Livada, Seaman, MacDonald, Kelley, Holt. *Back:* Mr. Wennik, Halley, Takvorian, O'Connor, Bigwood, Howes, Palladino, Bolduc, Wheeler, Ennis, Mr. Sturges.



Front: Johnson, Batten, Melvin, Mangan, Chambers, Rogerson, Flaherty, Forystek. *2nd:* Mr. Apgar, Lombardo, Martinez, Murray, Anderson, Robinson, Burton, Jefferson, Weschler. *3rd:* McPherson, Baird, Olivier, Andrews, Atwood, Murphy, Enright, Mr. Sorota. *Back:* Mr. Marx, Mr. Richards, Butler, Murray, Rohrer, Heidrich, McInnes, Perkins, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Sexton.



Front: Olivier, Karens, Hamilton, Mott, Stevens. *Back:* Lee, Ruis, Mr. Brown, Broderick, Johnson.



Front: O'Brien, Kuchta, Seero, Meserole, Frisbie, Hooper, Sherrill, Livingston, Bensley, Warren, Walker. *2nd:* Mr. Hulburd, Mr. Callard, Munro, Bretoi, Reuter, Haydock, Belichick, Cashin, Bruckman, McCall, Johnson, Poliquin, Mr. Leaf, Kalkstein. *Back:* McVeety, Reynolds, Mead, McKallagat, Hackett, Budge, Frazier, Bell, Senior, Dann, Victor, Shandholt.



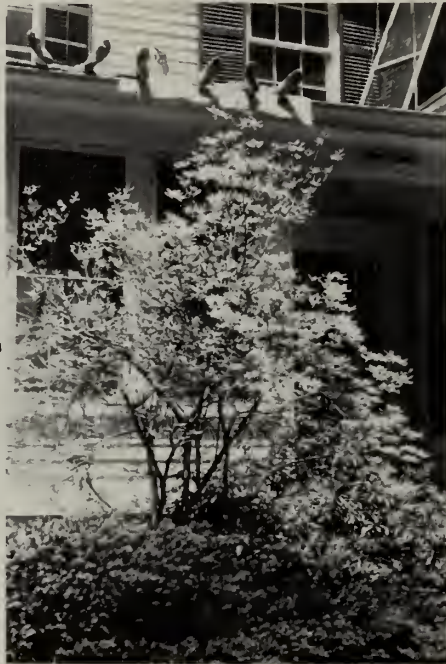
Front: Lombardi, Samson, Weiner, Zamboni. *Back:* McHarg, Garrity, Duble, Schaff, Coleman, Lawrence, Jackson, McAdam. *Missing:* Chandler, Miner, Threadgold.



Front: Coleman, Malo, Sachs, Zorthian *Back:* Oakes, Waterman, DuPont, Schaff, Burtthey.

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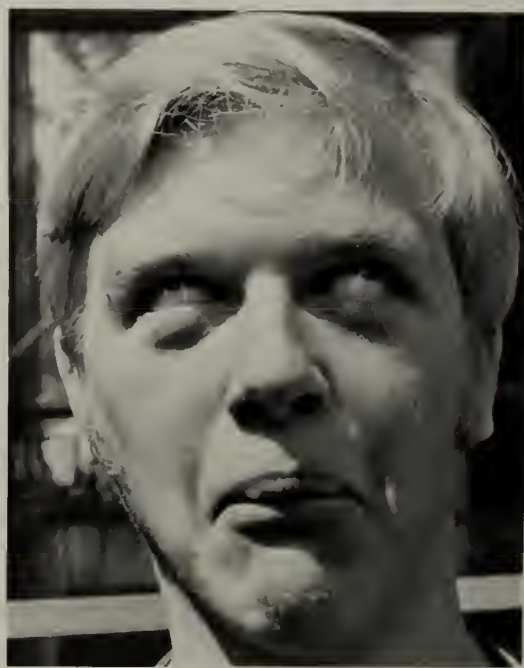
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David Winton
Stephen Sherrill
Harry Chandler
Peter Blasier
Mike Carlisle
Ted Mook
Kevin O'Brien
(senior photos)
Paul Finn
Rick McHarg
K. Kelly Wise

Thanks to:

Alex de Cholnoky
Ted Pratt
Jim McVeety
Bill Logan
Brooks Smith
Ron Kuhn
Chris Fraker
Cathy Chandler
Chris Duble
Gil Sewall





The Spirit of '66
Tripped through insufficient
incessant light
Coming from spherical fruits
Stumbling down spiral staircases

The mighty angel picked a pebble
And dropped it into
Rabbit Pond, saying,
"So shall Andover, the great city
be thrown down with violence
Our heroes hath swallowed his tail!
And spider webs have consumed
Nathan Hale
Patriot to the 13.

SENIOR CIRCLE SUCKS

Let's go, etc. Hallelujah!

xx x xx

Amoicus, bull-headed

Ram,

Man crowned with fire breath
goose feet
and serpent tail

Passes in Morrissey splendor
To Court Maiden Sylvia

Pride, Pomp and Circumstance of
glorious war

Farewell!

Let's go, etc. Hallelujah!

"And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs on thy vaulty brows"

Constance said consistently
The harsh tongue of war hath spoken

Fragmentary faces
Faithfully duplicated in polished surfaces

Promising INFINITY
Let's go etc. Hallelujah!

Bante took but degrees away
Untuned that 8' Diapason I.

And Hark what discord followed!

Phillips iron gates
Still with dreadful faces thronged
And fiery arms

Let's go, etc. Hallelujah!

Bulletin! This morning before dawn the warden and the priest fled when all the prisoners walked out having lost faith in bars; The bird that set fire to its nest thinking himself a Phoenix failed to rise from his ashes

Being a Vulture

Eh c'était comme quatre coups brefs que je frappais sur la porte du malheur.

AMEN.

James Ballin

